THE CASE FOR TEST TUBE BABIES

CAN THE U.S. PLAY SOCCER WITH THE BIG BOYS?

OCTOBER 28, 1978 ONE DOLLAR

Saturday Review

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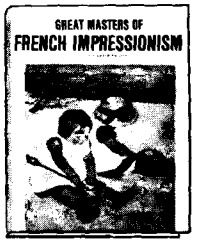

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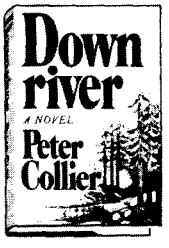

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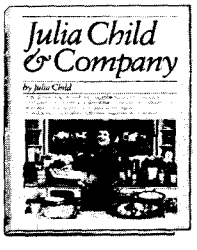

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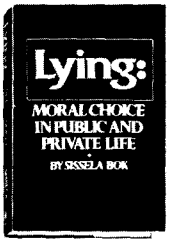

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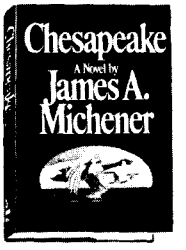

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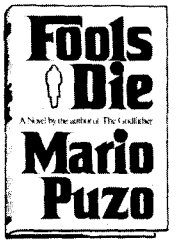

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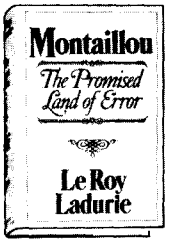

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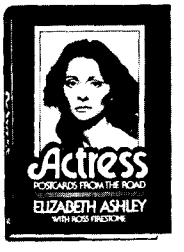

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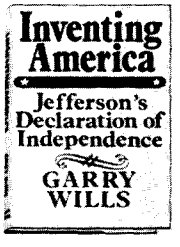

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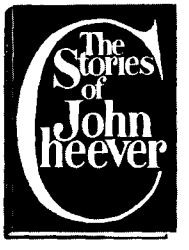

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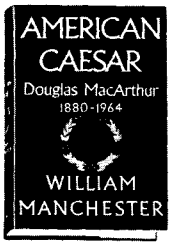

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Business and the rational mind VI

The corporation and human values•Science vs. the liberal arts•Continuing to grow

Some of the most fundamental problems of business today are those having to do with human relations and human values, and this seems likely to continue for years to come.

We have crossed the threshold of an era of scientific and technological development that has already altered the world we live in more sharply than at any time in history, and is continuing to alter it. It seems to us imperative that mankind's burgeoning knowledge be based on sound moral and ethical values.

We must continue to raise the standard of living in a world whose population is growing prodigiously even after some slowdown in recent years and, through this improved living standard, preserve and enlarge the freedom of the individual.

Whether or not mankind achieves the potential made possible by advanced technology, and to what degree, will depend in large part on the availability of sufficient economic freedom to provide scope for human resourcefulness; a broadly educated populace; and the confidence and the will to keep pushing ahead.

Mobil is deeply involved in all of these spheres. Perhaps our first and most basic requirement is for people—for an adequate and continuing reservoir of the essential skills without which a company in our business cannot succeed.

What sort of people make up our company, and what do we try to do with them and for them?

Their skills range from accounting through secretarial to zoology. In our recruiting, once we establish the technical or scientific qualifications of an engineer or a chemist, for instance, we look for about the same qualities in both the scientifically trained and the liberal arts students. We have learned that a business hires the whole person, and that in the long term motivation and character traits are more important than specific skills and knowledge.

Our business is so complex, even in its nontechnical aspects, that no one person can master all of it; so, to do one's job, one has to be able to work effectively with others. In a person's supervisory work, one of his or her prime functions must be the development and perceptive coaching of subordinates, since today they must accomplish most of the work and tomorrow one of them may have to replace him or her. Thus individuals with broad experience, the ability to think clearly and productively, and a determination to improve the status quo can make substantial contributions to the corporate effort.

The job of management is in the most fundamental sense the job of encouraging and helping people to develop themselves—keeping in mind that it is always some *one* person who is being trained, and that each person will differ from his or her peers in respect to specific needs and capabilities. Management must provide the sort of employment and work experience that will utilize the individual's abilities more effectively than those abilities could otherwise be used.

We have learned by experience that when we are looking for a man or woman with executive ability to promote—and our need for managers who can move up is endless—an individual's ability to deal with abstract problems involving judgment and the ability to reason is often more significant at that juncture than any technical knowledge.

We are in a technology-intensive industry and therefore will continue to need highly trained and skilled scientists and technicians. But science is concerned largely with the measurable, and when you have summed up all the factors of an individual that can be measured, you still have not described nor understood that person. What is critically important in the long term is the broader dimensions of knowledge and insight that enable people to deal successfully with a variety of social and economic problems.

We know that in our own case we require young people of moral stamina who can think and who can identify priorities. Given such individuals, along with the good sense of the American public once it has the facts, we believe that freedom can survive in our country and that a resourceful, well-managed business can prosper, benefiting from and contributing to the growth and development of the people who constitute it.

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LETTERS

Regeneration on Record

I was fascinated by Susan Schiefelbein's article on regeneration (July 8), and feel it deserves wide circulation. I was glad to bring it to the attention of my colleagues and others by putting it in the Congressional Record.

John Glenn
United States Senator
Washington, D.C.

Boggling Barthes

We are impressed by Stephen Koch's scintillating display of mind-boggling mental gymnastics in his criticism of the writings of Roland Barthes ("Melancholy King of The Cats," September 2).

His obscurantist pretentiousness and comically grandiose posturing (a doctrinaire and self-conscious rhetoric of brilliance) seemly suspend (like Roland Barthes) the ancient writerly rules about being clear and making sense.

In deploring the jargon of a quasi-scientific branch of linguistics known as semiology (and we applaud him), he becomes (we think he believes ...) an indispensable catalyst for a crucial dimension of theoretical-sounding abstractions that can be distended to encompass the analysis of the signification of virtually any man-made article.

He forces language into a kind of elegant abstract reverie the better to reflect—often with an elusiveness that is sometimes suggestive and sometimes irritating—on just what the hell he is trying to say.

Earl H. Kieselhorst
Claremont, Calif.

I would very much like to ask Stephen Koch a simple question: "Do you or do you not like the works of Roland Barthes?" I was thoroughly benumbed by the labyrinth of his shifting observations.

Carl A. Kerr
Glenville, W. Va.

Stephen Koch replies: Mr. Kerr wants to know if I "like" Roland Barthes's writing. The short answer is yes. A slightly longer answer (Hold on tight, Mr. Kerr) is that a survey of 12 complex books and a long controversial career is likely to uncover much that is likeable and much that is not. Mr. Kerr calls this "labyrinthine." I call it obvious.

Readers who missed my piece must find Mr. Kieselhorst's letter a bizarre, even slightly hysterical, document. In fairness to him—and in the interest of clarity—I should explain that his letter is an intentionally garbled patchwork of phrases which he has lifted from the piece and then proceeded to twist, misquote, and distort. The reason is that Mr. Kieselhorst is trying very hard to be cute.

An Apple a Day

A bright and shining Big Apple to you for your superb cover story ["America Falls in Love With its Cities—Again," August] by Horace Sutton.

He has written a timely, comprehensive article that will be read and quoted for years to come. It is an inspired piece that obviously required a tremendous amount of research, and I know that all students of urban studies will be in your debt.

Charles Gillett
President
N.Y. Convention and Visitors Bureau
New York, N.Y.

ANSWERS TO OCTOBER 14 PUZZLES

WIT TWISTER No. 128 (page 48) airmen, Mainer, marine, remain

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT No. 117 (page 48) Men are called fools in one age for not knowing what they were called fools for averring in the age before.

—Henry Ward Beecher

MIDDLETON DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 157 (page 79)
(Sheila) Hailey: I Married a Best Seller Maxie ... was a two-year-old we had had since puppyhood. The trees in our backyard were full of squirrels. That dear, dopey, dachshund would go berserk until she got outside to try to catch them—as futile a task as trying to stop a rocket once it has been ignited.

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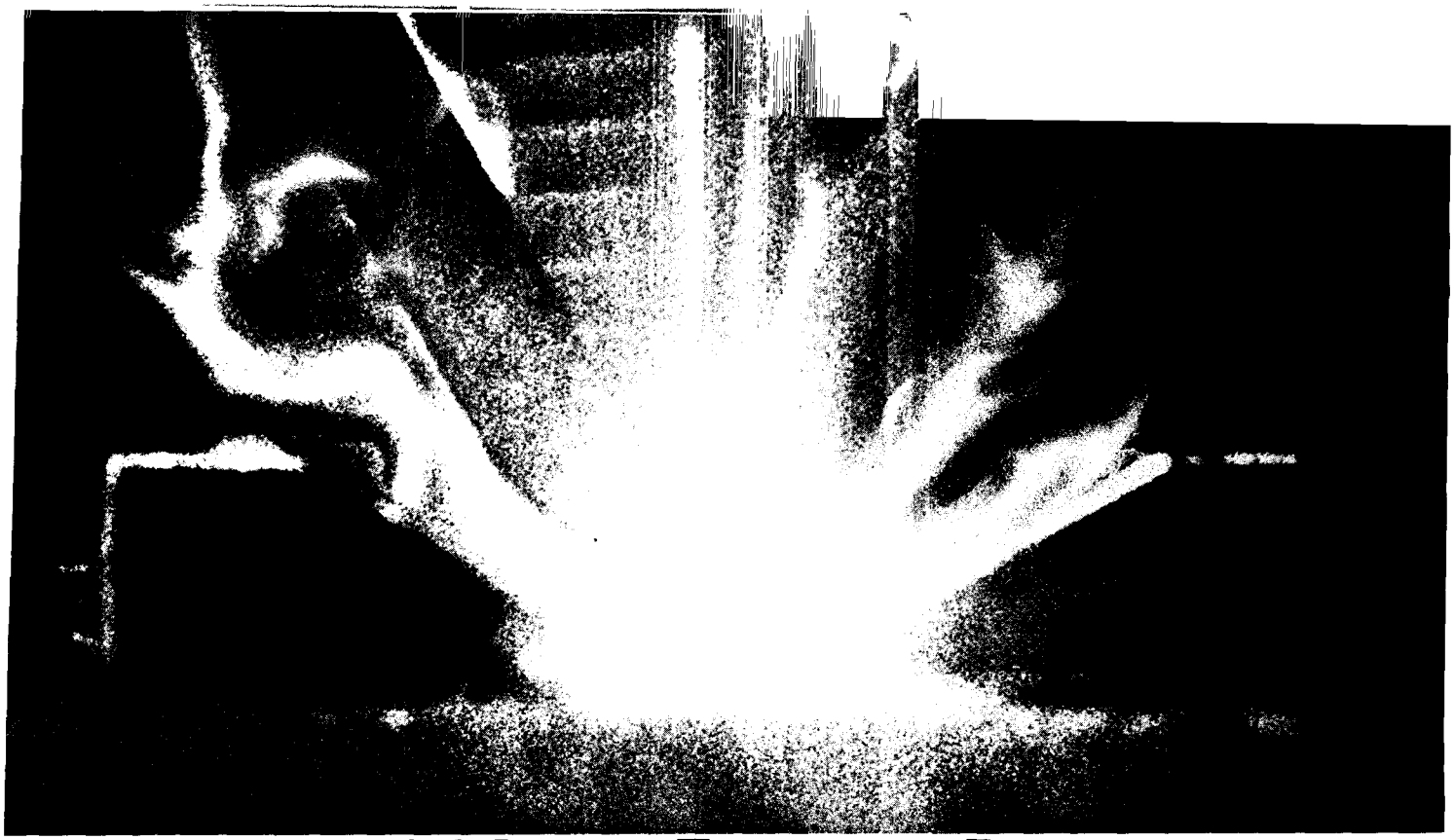

The Atomic Bond.

Using tiny explosive charges, Western Electric engineers are bonding metals with the elemental "glue" of the Universe.

Here's how it works. The atoms of all metals have a natural attraction for one another. If it weren't for the ever-present film of impurities coating the surface—the oxides, nitrides, and absorbed gasses—all metal atoms would bond to each other when brought together.

Exploding Things Together.

But the force of a high-intensity explosion on two adjacent metals will clean away the film of impurities. The explosion literally "blows" the impurities off the surfaces. So the atoms of the different metals can bond together.

The bond that results is stronger than both of the metals themselves.

As an industrial technique, explosive bonding has proved valuable in the manufacture of such heavyweight products as bi-metallic gun barrels.

Pinpoint Explosions.

But how would explosives work in the delicate, intricate world of telephone circuitry?

Scientists at Western Electric's Engineering Research Center solved the problem by developing ways to miniaturize and control explosive bonding. Soon, they could splice the ends of two thin communications wires inside a miniature explosive-coated sleeve.

And they could repair tiny defective contacts on delicate circuit boards. These gold contacts (membrane-thin "fingers" 1/10 by 3/4 of an inch) are reclad by thin sheets of gold foil (.0005 inches thick), coated with explosives. The repairs are literally "blown" onto the contacts, without disturbing the delicate circuitry less than 1/10 of an inch away.

Miniaturized explosive bonding is only one way we're helping your Bell Telephone Company hold down the cost of your telephone service today. For the future, it promises the benefits of bonding widely disparate metals and all sorts of other materials.

You Can Take It For Granted.

Most important, explosive bonds are contributing to the clarity of communications, the reliability of switching, the taken-for-granted assurance you have when you reach for your telephone.

The atomic bond—it's another innovation from Western Electric.

Keeping your communications system the best in the world.

Western Electric

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FRONT RUNNERS

Bargain Basement

Plea bargaining may be the most widely deplored practice in our generally unpopular judicial system. Law-and-order enthusiasts complain that it lets criminals off the hook. Defenders of due-process rights fear that it substitutes expediency for justice. And now this already smoky debate is likely to be thrown into even deeper obscurity by a study that grandly concludes that "plea bargaining may actually reduce crime." The average plea bargainer, noted the Law Enforcement Assistance Agency in announcing the results of the study in August, receives no discount in either charge or sentence in exchange for his plea.

These findings, derived from a study of 5,000 felony cases in Washington, D.C. utterly contradict not only public wisdom, but the experience of prosecutors. Ex-D.A. Nicholas Scopetta, now director of the Institute for Judicial Administration, was "very, very surprised" to hear of the results, as, he added, were other prosecutors familiar with the study. Even the report's author, William Rhodes, is at a loss to explain why a defendant would enter a guilty plea without getting a reduced charge.

But Rhodes does make one point that the LEAA, in its zeal to reassure a hostile public that plea bargaining isn't half as bad as it seems, neglected to mention. In Washington *the most serious charge* in cases involving burglary, larceny, robbery, and assault characteristically leads to a suspended sentence, not a jail term. Copping a plea without a bargain, seems less surprising if the worst a defendant can get is probation.

Of course, the knowledge that convicted felons generally face such mild punishment might not mollify most law-and-order proponents. It also might not be true outside of Washington, D.C., which would make the study a good deal less useful. Herbert Miller, director of a second LEAA-funded study involving six different jurisdictions, notes that the behavior of prosecutors and habits of charging and sentencing vary widely from county to county. And Cheryl Martorana, who oversees LEAA's plea-bargaining studies, admits, despite her own agency's claims to the contrary, that the findings "may not be generalizable." She also notes that 16 more regional studies are in the works. It is to be hoped that the LEAA will report these with a little less bravado and a little more attention to detail.

Underreaching

A recent classified ad in the trade journal *Advertising Age* may provide equal opportunity for a long-neglected majority:

Ad Agency Looking for
AMBITIOUS
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WRITER

We need an ordinary run-of-the-mill writer ... who has chosen this career strictly for the love of money.
The opportunity here is limited and working conditions leave much to be desired, but, if you're the person we're looking for, you probably won't know the difference. Most of our clients are difficult to work with, but you'll find your fellow employees very competitive and politically oriented. Naturally, we expect to pay you more than you're worth.

Submissions

SR will pay readers $25 for any clipping or item accepted for use in Front Runners. We regret that we cannot acknowledge receipt of materials, run bylines with items, or return unused submissions.
Please send items to:
Front Runners, Saturday Review, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10019.

The $6 Million Man

Mankind's sense of self-worth has been mightily impaired ever since some misanthrope discovered that the raw materials of the body are worth only 98 cents. That was slander; we're actually worth $6 million.

This more generous assessment of our insides is offered by Adam Starchild, president of the Minerva Consulting Group. Starchild toted up the value of human biochemicals from chemical specialty company catalogs. Hemoglobin, he notes, runs to $2.95 a gram, while the female hormone prolactin costs at $17.5 million a gram. "The old cliche about the 98-cent human body is just so much hogwash," says Starchild. "All that the 98 cents would buy you are the basic atomic elements of the body, such as iron, carbon, and oxygen."

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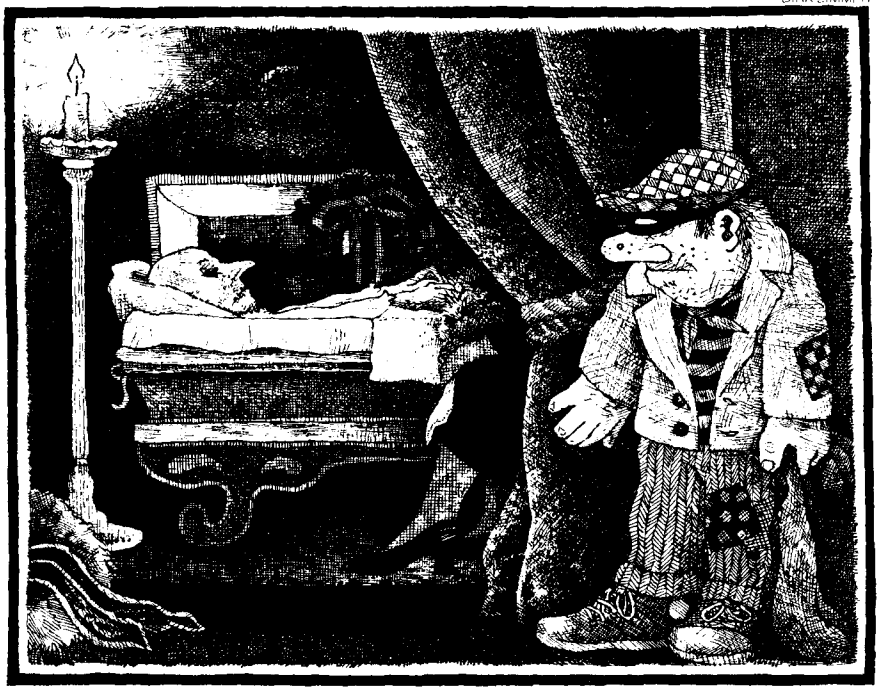

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FRONT RUNNERS

Reading Can Be Hazardous to Your Health

Although the influence of newspapers has long been waning because of television, the printed media recently came in for a nasty distinction usually reserved for the electronic: that of inducing violent acts by consumers. An article appearing in the August issue of *Science* magazine demonstrates a high correlation between the incidence of murder-suicide accidents and stories of such accidents in newspapers several days beforehand.

The author of the study, David P. Phillips, a sociology professor at the University of California at San Diego, had previously written articles drawing a connection between front-page reports of suicides and subsequent suicides and car accidents. In his most recent study, Phillips examined 18 murder-suicide stories between 1968 and 1973, and the incidence of noncommercial plane crashes for a week after the reporting of each story. Theorizing that accidents in small aircraft, as in cars, might be disguised forms of suicide, Phillips found that the number of crashes three days after the reporting of murder-suicides was double what would normally be expected. Furthermore, he discovered, the number of crashes rose with the intensity of the newspaper reports of the previous incident.

Despite his findings, Phillips is no enemy of newsprint. Though he feels that bold newspaper accounts of violence increase the incidence of suicide, Phillips never suggests that editors hide the stories in back pages. "That's not for me to do," says the author. "One of the greatest things we have in this country is a strong First Amendment, and it mustn't be violated." But Phillips does note with satisfaction that some newspapers try to place stories of violence in the inside pages, where, he says, they do no harm.

Lawyer, Teach Thyself

Although regard for lawyers has never been high, the litigious profession has fallen to particularly woeful depths of ill repute in the last few years: President Carter knew that he had a sitting duck when he lashed into them last May. In an effort to knock out some of the dents in this battered public image, bar associations in a number of states are now requiring that all licensed attorneys go back to school once a year.

The system, called mandatory continuing legal education, requires that lawyers spend at least 15 hours a year taking approved courses in recent developments in law. The courses are administered by the American Bar Association's Committee on Continuing Professional Education, and taught by a combination of law professors, lawyers, and judges. Course titles include "Affirmative Action After Bakke" and "Estate Planning for the Dying Client," a touchy subject combining law, religion, and medicine.

So far, the education program has been approved by six state bar associations, with as many as 10 more prepared to follow suit in the near future. But even this modest effort, chosen over such more serious reforms as a regular retaking of the bar exam, has been resisted in most of the major states. California and Michigan have already rejected the plan; New York is likely to do the same. Lawyers don't cotton to claims of incompetence. But then, most people object to lawyers not because they seem inept, but because they're so adept at milking the client. And they needn't give a course in that.

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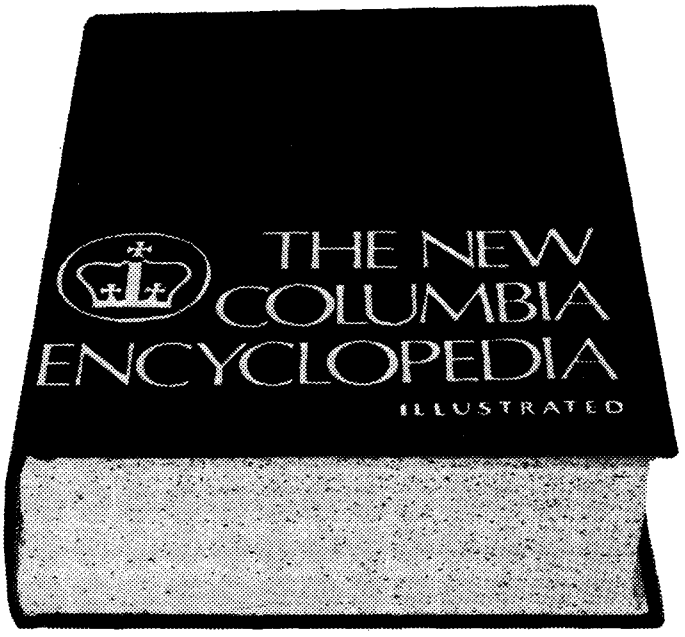

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SCIENCELETTER

The Case for Test-Tube Babies

by Albert Rosenfeld

THE MERE MENTION of "test-tube babies" triggers instant repugnance in most of us. Visions arise, from Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World*, of moving assembly lines of glassware out of which babies are decanted at each terminus by a detached and impersonal technician. Procreation thus becomes reproduction in the full factorylike connotation of that word. And as we conjure up the distasteful (at the least) scene, words like *mechanization* and *dehumanization* reverberate through our neuronal networks.

Nevertheless, despite the offense to our sensibilities provoked by even the thought of artificial wombs, there is a valid case to be made for test-tube babies in the full Huxleyan image—not mass-produced on an assembly line, perhaps, but nevertheless wholly and "artificially" grown in a scientifically monitored environment without ever being carried in the uterus of a human mother. Such a case can be made (which does not mean that I personally advocate it) on the basis not merely of bizarre and exotic speculations but of purely humane, down-to-earth considerations having to do with the health of individual babies.

As reproductive biologists proceed with further research on animals, there should be sufficient time (if we don't waste it) to continue thinking about and debating the essential questions: whether or not we wish to utilize these biotechnologies for the creation of human beings, and if so, for what purposes. The ethical implications are profound and far-reaching, and each of us should make a contribution to the final decisions. Let us not proceed the way we have until now—letting each banner headline provoke us into a spate of concern that dissipates as soon as the event-of-the-moment has passed.

The test tube is, of course, the symbolic, not the actual, container employed in the world of *in vitro* procreation. *In vitro* means "in glass," though the laboratory container or device may be plastic, ceramic, metal, or any combination of materials, of any shape, size, or complexity. The common theme is that babies are created—or started on their way—outside the human body, by means that bypass the conventional sexual channels. Though the offspring of artificial insemination (AI) are loosely referred to as test-tube babies, the "test tube" in this instance holds only the sperm—which is not usually contributed by the husband of the prospective mother, but more often by an anonymous donor selected by the doctor. In some cases, the sperm is taken from deep-frozen storage.

Tens of thousands of babies are estimated to be born each year in the U.S. via AID (artificial insemination, donor; in contrast to AIH—artificial insemination, husband). Our present population probably includes more than 100,000 test-tube adults, indistinguishable from anyone else, who were conceived by AID. Exact numbers of AI births are hard to come by, since the technique's legal status still hovers in a fuzz of ambiguities and the method of conception is not always recorded on the birth certificate. But the practice is so widespread, and has been with us for such a long time, that we have obviously made our uneasy *de facto* peace with at least this type of test-tube baby.

In artificial insemination, when fertilization occurs, it does so in the usual manner, in one of the fallopian tubes of the would-be mother. The kind of test-tube baby recently making international headlines, however, entails *in vitro* fertilization. The radical difference between AI and this method is that, with *in vitro* fertilization, the egg is removed from the woman's body—usually because the tubes leading from ovary to uterus are blocked. Insemination (in this case usually with the husband's sperm) and conception both take place *in vitro*. Only after the egg is fertilized and has, after several days, divided repeatedly to become a cluster of cells called the blastocyst, is the incipient embryo transferred back into the woman, where it will implant itself into the wall of her hormone-prepared uterus in a normal manner.

The issues about test-tube babies are not new; what has made them controversial today is the fact that they have resurfaced with new credibility, and therefore with greater intensity, because of the historic birth in Britain. This event was ironically juxtaposed in the news with a lawsuit in New York brought by the couple who might themselves have become the parents of the world's first test-tube baby six years earlier. In 1972 Dr. Landrum Shettles, of the Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center in New York, removed an egg from a Florida woman, Doris Del Zio, and fertilized it *in vitro* with her husband's sperm—much as Drs. Patrick Steptoe and Robert Edwards were to do with Lesley Brown and her husband in 1978, when the state of the art was considerably more advanced. But Shettles's experiment was aborted—in both its meanings—when his superior, Dr. Raymond Vande Wiele, destroyed it. Perhaps Vande Wiele was indignant that Shettles was "playing God" in this fashion; but in the view of the Del Zios, it was Vande Wiele himself who was playing God by destroying their potential baby. Surprisingly, Mrs. Del Zio was awarded $50,000 in damages (she was suing for a million and a half), which suggests that the jurors were at least convinced that the "test-tube" attempt was neither preposterous nor immoral.

My purpose is not to repeat all the details of this by-now-familiar story, nor the ethical arguments pro and con; I want to proceed directly to the topic of the ultimate test-tube baby, à la Huxley—the all-the-way *in vitro* baby, conceived *in vitro* and brought through all its embryonic and fetal stages *in vitro* to its full-term birth or "decantation." This is not to say that the bioengineering knowhow for this feat is anywhere in sight, yet there seems little doubt that it could be accomplished—and probably sooner than most people think—if anyone were sufficiently motivated to bring it about. But why would anyone want to?

For one thing, more than 200,000 babies with birth defects are born in the United States every year. Of these defects, probably not more than one in five is purely genetic in origin; the others are largely congenital in nature, the result of something gone wrong during a critical stage of development. It has been argued that, if the potential baby could be visible during the whole of its development—in its "womb with a view," as it were—and its growth monitored daily in detail, hundreds of thousands of birth defects might be averted. The embryo-fetus, which has always been on its own in its dark isolation ward for the nine-month-long prenatal period, could thus become as accessible to medical intervention as any other ailing patient.

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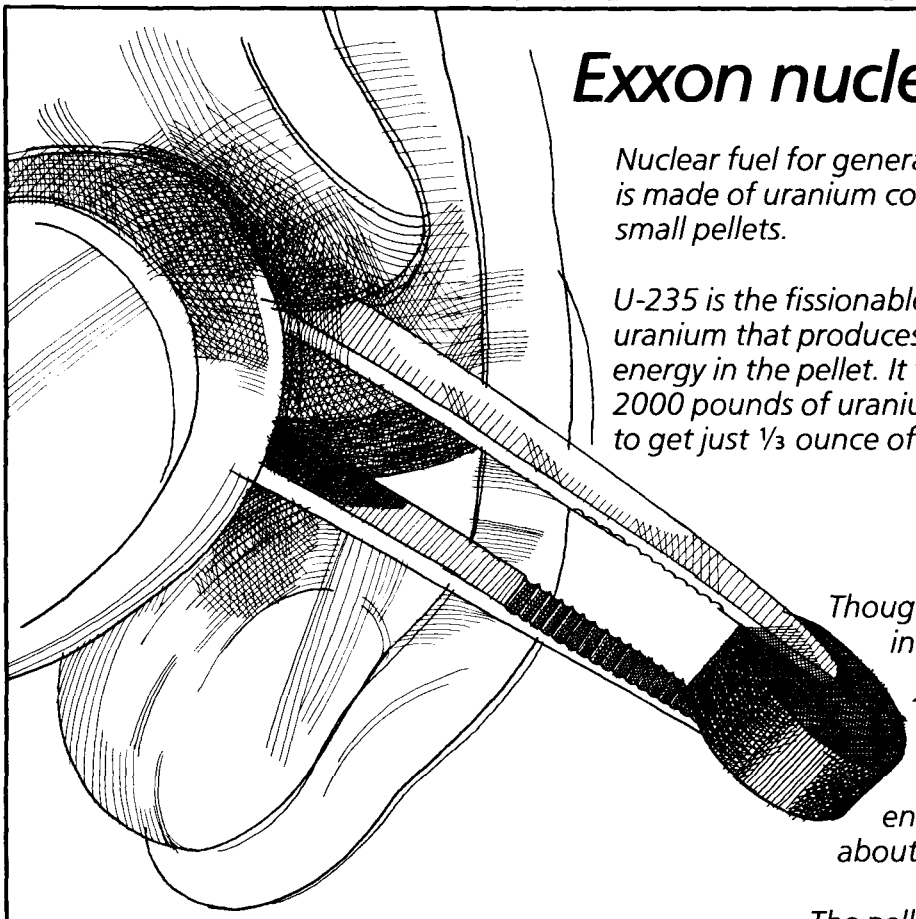

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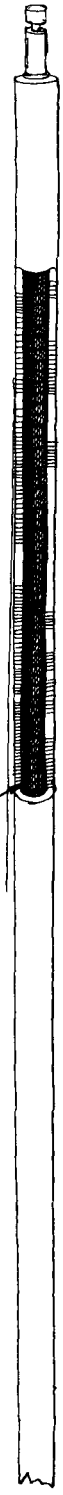

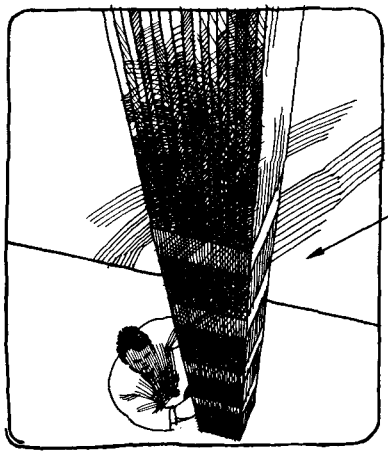

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An expectant mother or father who has a known risk of a serious congenital defect, or a woman who has experienced repeated miscarriages, might well elect to use *in vitro* methods if given reasonable assurance of a better chance for a healthy, full-term baby. A Louis Harris poll made in 1969 for *Life* magazine suggested that many people who at first had expressed horror at test-tube births would find such biotechnologies quite acceptable under these circumstances.

Apart from the advantage of preventing birth defects through early intervention, it may well turn out that the fetus's mere presence in a controlled and protected environment might in itself offer preventive insurance. In that case, the methods could become more attractive to prospective parents who do *not* have a family history of birth defects. It does look more and more as if a mother's womb is perhaps *not* the safest possible place in the world for a delicately developing being to spend the first nine months of its life. Year by year we learn of yet additional hazards of life *in utero*: of the dangers, for instance, of retarded development or malformations due to viral infections, like rubella, that the mother may have contracted, or drugs she may be taking, or X-rays to which she may have been exposed. And of dangers from the mother's personal habits—excessive smoking or drinking, for example—or even from extreme emotional disturbances or depressions that could change her biochemistry in ways disadvantageous to the developing child.

Suppose the expectant father is a wife-beater? The fetus could become a "battered child" prenatally. What of all the other accidents and hazards that might befall the fetus's highly mobile human carrier? What if the mother has other handicaps—is severely diabetic, grossly obese, under-age or over-age? If the mother is improperly nourished, through poverty, ignorance, or carelessness, the fetus too will be malnourished and perhaps developmentally retarded or even brain-damaged; or if the fetus proceeds to a relatively normal, full-term birth, it may still be a "low birth-weight," and therefore a high-risk, baby.

All in all, one can begin to see the possible advantages of a developing fetus's being nourished and nurtured in an environment, "artificial" though it be, that is more protected. Now, of course, it may turn out that the fetus *needs* some of the jostling that goes with being carried by a human mother, needs some of the noises it hears—the mother's heartbeat, for instance—as well as other distractions that may provide a kind of early sensory training for later exposure to the outside world. So it may be necessary to impart the requisite jostling or rocking motions to the artificial womb, to pipe in the recorded sound of a mother's heartbeat (as is now sometimes done for premature infants undergoing neonatal intensive care), and to simulate other features of the human uterine environment.

Still, assuming the safe availability of this technology, one can imagine not only protecting the fetus from harmful substances and circumstances through monitoring, surveillance, and active medical intervention but also imparting to it some positive benefits. *In vitro* procreation could conceivably increase immunity to a more varied set of hazards; it could also bestow on the child an acquired prenatal tolerance to certain types of tissue that could later be grafted or transplanted without being rejected. Fetal surgery, too, could be performed. Already, in primate centers, monkey fetuses have been removed from the wombs of their mothers—though still remaining attached via the umbilical cord—and, after surgery, replaced in their mothers and allowed to proceed to normal birth.

Could parents love a child raised in these "unnatural" circumstances, not carried in the mother's body? There is no good reason why not. Adoptive parents seem perfectly capable of unlimited love for children to whom they are in no way related biologically. Should *in vitro* parents love their own genetic progeny any less? Besides, if the expectant parents could visit the *in vitro* facilities with some frequency and regularity during fetal development, if they could *see* their vulnerable offspring at various stages en route to its full-fledged babyhood, they might become attached to it and attentive to its welfare at a much earlier stage. They might begin to feel like parents in advance and thus be better prepared psychologically to take over the actual responsibilities of caring for the baby after its decantation—an occasion for which they could presumably be on hand. But what of the possibly adverse psychological effects on the child of such a birth into the world? Again, much could be learned from careful psychological studies of primates re-

"Too light."

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produced *in vitro*, just as Dr. Harry Harlow's classic experiments at the University of Wisconsin taught us so much about the future fate of love-deprived baby monkeys.

When the discussion of such topics as *in vitro* babies arises—at bioethics seminars and workshops, for example—the assumption is usually made that pro-life (anti-abortion) advocates would be inflexibly opposed to any such practices. Yet this may not always and invariably be so. For one thing, there could hardly be any more powerful anti-abortion propaganda than merely the opportunity to *watch* a human fetus develop. Anyone who remembers the beautiful color photographs taken by Lennart Nilsson (or, for that matter, those of Dr. Shettles), which show the fetus at various stages of development—especially those that portray the tiny creature with all parts already clearly recognizable and a thumb stuck in its mouth—knows how hard it is to think of these fetuses as *things*, as mere blobs of protoplasm. They look like babies. And the same perception will have even greater impact when expectant parents observe their own live, wriggling fetuses. Abortion under such conditions would perhaps be undertaken much less casually.

There is yet another reason why those who oppose abortion might favor the development of *in vitro* technology. The central political issue in abortion is after all whether, on the one hand, the life of a fetus can be terminated, and whether, on the other, a woman can be forced—against her will and desire—to become a mother. The "enforced motherhood" objection could be readily resolved if the fetus could be removed from the womb and placed into an *in vitro environment to complete its gestation*. Who would then be responsible for the baby? The state, perhaps?

These issues are by no means academic. Precisely such knotty dilemmas have recently arisen in medical, legal, and bioethical circles in considering what policy to pursue in those instances when a fetus, intended for abortion, is born alive instead. Should it be given to the mother—who didn't want it, though she may now be ready to accept it? Should it perhaps be allowed to die—or, at least, should special efforts to keep it alive be withheld—inasmuch as no one (not the parents and doctors, at any rate) wanted it to live? Is it not entitled to the same intensive-care treatment that would be accorded any other premature infant, regardless of parental intent? And in that case should the state take over the baby as its ward? The Cal-

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ifornia state legislature considered a bill advocating exactly this course.

In most cases such fetuses could not become viable because the technology does not yet exist that can carry them safely through to term. But if a chamber with full life-support systems were at hand, many more fetuses could survive to become babies.

In vitro gestation does not, of course, have to begin at the very beginning, with fertilization. A couple could decide to conceive their baby by sexual intercourse, then have the miniature embryo transferred from its mother to the artificial womb. One of the fears frequently expressed is that many people might choose to use *in vitro* methods for trivial reasons—that is, for mere convenience rather than out of any consideration for the life or health of the fetus.

Obviously all these ruminations are made at a time when we are far from understanding the essential details of developmental biology, including the exact role of the placenta. It is obvious, too, that any premature application of *in vitro* techniques could cause many more defects than it might prevent. Investigators have already been doing research, mostly with animals, for some time on *in vitro* fertilization; on the freezing and storage of sperm and eggs; on the pre-implantation embryo; on "artificial placentas"; on the transfer of eggs and embryos from one womb to another (especially in cattle); on chambers that might keep premature fetuses alive for longer periods of time; on nearly all the aspects of reproductive biology that bear on *in vitro* technology—though this work has lately come under renewed ethical scrutiny.

More than ten years ago, when I was interviewing scientists for my book *The Second Genesis*, a researcher in Michigan told me that he would, if he could, carry an *in vitro* fetus all the way to term. Much more recently—on the same day, in fact, that the news of the first test-tube baby was announced in London—I happened to be having lunch with Dr. Emanuel M. Greenberg, a specialist in obstetrics and gynecology with staff affiliations at two major New York hospitals. When the conversation turned to *in vitro* babies, he took out of his briefcase and handed me his already-expired patent (No. 2, 723,660, dated November 15, 1955) for an artificial uterus. With updated technology and a renewed interest in test-tube babies, Greenberg plans to seek support for the reactivation of his project. And Greenberg is certainly not alone. In *Brave New World*, published in 1932, Huxley was projecting ahead *600 years* to the full development of *in vitro* biotechnics.

Meanwhile, in the course of the preliminary investigations with animals, we will be acquiring enormous quantities of valuable information about developmental biology that is bound to be of great practical use to human beings, whether or not we ever decide to go the *in vitro* route. Meanwhile, too, there *is* a good reason for going this route with primates. There is a growing shortage of primates available for research. Countries in Asia, Africa, and South America that formerly shipped out squirrel monkeys, rhesus macaques, marmosets, baboons, chimpanzees, and other primates in large numbers for biomedical and psychological research have now substantially restricted—even banned, in some instances—further exports of these animals; a few have been placed on the endangered-species list. The cost of primates has, as a result, gone beyond mere inflationary increases; a more efficient means of breeding primates in the laboratory under controlled conditions may turn out to be a virtual necessity for those who want to continue doing primate research. These same considerations could also provide a practical motive for pursuing research in cloning. If these biotechnologies work for primates, moreover, they may also provide partial solutions for other endangered species.

I have not begun to answer the questions I have raised here. I have not even raised the further questions implied by these questions. And I have omitted more than I included. My intention has been simply to explore the issues and to underline my conviction that these issues are worth our concentrated attention. And I am not, as I must seem to be, trying to evangelize on behalf of *in vitro* procreation for humans; I "make the case" for it mainly to demonstrate that there *is* a valid case to be made.

Many people (myself included) have expressed concern about the effect these budding biotechnologies may have on human relationships, sexual practices, family stability, and child-rearing. Sex as recreation has long since been effectively divorced from sex as procreation. Now it appears that procreation can be effectively divorced from sex. Presumably there would be nothing compulsory about making use of *in vitro* techniques, no matter how near-perfect or how available they might eventually become; and most people would probably still choose to procreate in the traditional manner. There are, of course, strong religious inhibitions and prohibitions in regard to "tampering with nature" in the ways described. Moreover, such distinguished bioethicists as Paul Ramsey, of Princeton University, and Leon Kass, of the University of Chicago, have issued grave warnings of the threat to the very essence of our humanity and to our civilized self-perceptions if we pursue these procreative technologies. Other bioethicists—among them theologian Joseph Fletcher, of the University of Virginia School of Medicine, author of *Situation Ethics*, and theologian-embryologist Robert Francoeur, of Fairleigh Dickinson University—are more optimistic about our ability to cope with the dangers.

Some ethicists—and some scientists as well—feel such alarm at the prospects as to urge that even the incipient research directed toward these ends *not* be pursued. They believe the potential for ultimate mischief inherent in the manipulation of the procreative process is so great that we're better off without the knowledge. Even to think seriously about pursuing these lines of inquiry, they argue, is to offer evidence that the erosion of our humanity has already begun to take place. Should we then avoid pursuing the search for useful insight and understanding of the developmental process out of a conviction that we're certain to misuse whatever we discover? Such a negative decision would be a confession that we profoundly mistrust our capacity to use our human resources humanely—and that kind of fearful conviction, it seems to me, would offer even more distressing evidence of the erosion of our basic humanity.

I would vote, then, to do the research—not on a crash basis, but with reasonable speed—on animals. I would vote, too, for maximum discussion of the ethical, moral, social, philosophical, economic, religious, and political consequences, with as much public participation as can be elicited. Only after such a thorough airing should any decision be made to make the resulting techniques available to human clients; and then only with adequate safeguards, and with appropriate assurances of efficacy and safety from the responsible scientific community.

All these *caveats* duly entered, it seems to me neither bizarre nor "dehumanizing" to envision a day—though I wouldn't predict how soon it might come to pass—when *in vitro* procreation will have become simply an unconventional, though not uncommon, alternative route to parenthood. ◉

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Cornering the Goodness Market: Uncharitable Doings at United Way

by Ron Chernow

ONE OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL monopolies in American enterprise today hasn't turned a profit since its inception; but less successful competitors charge it with a ruthless domination of the market, with antiquated policies, and with racism. Lawsuits charging exclusionary business practices have cropped up in San Francisco and Los Angeles. The beleaguered giant, meanwhile, prospers as before and doesn't lack powerful allies. And why not? Who wouldn't stand up for the United Way?

Improbable though it seems, America's leading institutional philanthropist has come under heavy fire in the last few years. The salvos bear more than a superficial resemblance to criticisms regularly directed at big business and any number of public welfare agencies, perhaps indicating that no institution, no matter how noble its stated aim, can expect unreserved public plaudits at a time when institutions are generally held in low esteem. Fund-raisers for causes less traditional than the Boy Scouts or the YMCA feel frustrated and shortchanged by the United Way's supposed favoritism for the homespun and unobjectionable. United Way's critics feel that the traditional mission of charity—to aid the needy—has been replaced by a preoccupation with middle-class recreation and welfare. Blacks detect racism, not only in the group's choice of beneficiaries, but in its hierarchy. And a wide panoply of charitable groups claims that the United Way's privileged use of payroll deductions in many American corporations empties reservoirs of largesse before the

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The United Way favors crowd-pleasers, like the Boy Scouts or the Salvation Army, over boat-rockers, like abortion clinics.

competition can reach them. The stakes in the controversy are huge: In the last few years the United Way has mushroomed into a billion-dollar charity business, with 2,200 local agencies.

The payroll deduction system is both the original fount and present source of the United Way's preeminence in the fund-raising field. The system was developed in World War II, when factories were besieged with federal war-bond drives. The experience proved that payroll checkoffs both pared expenses and upped the average weekly contribution—a fund-raiser's dream. But the businessmen themselves, footing the cost of the campaigns, found themselves grudging participants in the charity drives. After the war, the Ford Motor Company computed that every charity pitch cost them $40,000 in lost time and production. So businessmen nationwide (with the blessings of their unions) seized on the idea of a single-fund drive that would encompass all charitable donations. As these drives evolved from Community Chests to United Funds to United Ways (many locals still retain the old names), the bond between charity and business tightened. To safeguard its privileged entrée into plants, United Way wooed corporate leaders, appointing them heads of fund drives and allocation boards. Bankers, insurance people, and utility executives came to admire the United Way's prudent budgetary procedures and remarkably low overhead (still purportedly only a dime of every donor dollar, while other charitable organizations sometimes spend more than twice as much). And they granted the United Way sole rights to solicit their employees. For big business, the United Way embodied an ideal of good deeds within a context of good profits.

A natural corollary of this monopoly, however, was that the local United Ways had to offer comprehensive packages of charities. For years they trumpeted the slogan, "Give once and give for all." But this federated approach had a grave pitfall: A single unpopular agency could sabotage the whole gift. The fortunes of the Girl Scouts and an abortion clinic became inextricably linked. The result was predictable. UW citizen boards came to favor safe, uncontroversial agencies—crowd-pleasers instead of boat-rockers. Today the Boy Scouts, the Girl Scouts, the Salvation Army, the Red Cross, the YMCA, the YWCA, and seven other national agencies walk off with 40 percent of United Way monies nationwide—a remarkable cluster considering that funds are voted by 2,200 separate campaigns.

Among the causes that have generally failed to awaken the sympathy of the local citizens' boards that channel United Way funds are birth control, abortion, desegregation, and other issues especially pertinent to minorities. Groups unpopular at a certain time and in a certain place have often been left by the UW board to fend for themselves.

The Indianapolis affiliate of Planned Parenthood, for example, first sought United Way funding in 1957. Birth control was still a controversial issue at the time. The grapevine buzzed that the local archbishop was threatening to yank Catholic charities from the United Way if it funded the family planning group. For seven straight years, the Planned Parenthood application was rejected; the group finally gave up in despair. Elsewhere, Planned Parenthood of Northwest Indiana had enjoyed an ideal relationship with its local United Way. Its funding had risen to $64,000 annually—until it unveiled its plans last year for an abortion clinic. Though the Parenthood board specified that the clinic would be sustained by patient fees—and not by United Way money—its United Way funding was summarily terminated. The United Way's defense clearly revealed its consensus ethic: "The United Way must represent a composite set of values that is acceptable to virtually all citizens of the Lake area."

"I think they costed us out," says Ann McFarren, Executive Director of the Gary-area Planned Parenthood. "They felt they would lose more money if they kept us in than if they kicked us out. I think their objective is to get as much money as they can." Ms. McFarren and others worry about the dynamics of a federated fund drive that must continually strive for mass appeal: "What you end up with is a lot of Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts—motherhood and apple pie. It would be wonderful if the world were like that."

Even more persistent than allegations of middle-class bias are the charges of racism voiced by black leaders. And here the United Way often seems torn between the judgments of its review boards and the potential veto power of its donors. When a United Way donor in Indianapolis discovered to his horror that his money was helping to finance the Urban League, which was then promoting school desegregation, he brought his arguments before the circuit court. The judge issued a temporary restraining order against the local United Way, choking off the flow of its funds to the Urban League.

The United Way's alleged insensitivity to minority

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groups eventually occasioned, in 1971, the formation of the National Black United Fund, which now has 16 affiliates. Leaders of the fund contend that minority groups receive only 2 percent of United Way allocations, while the United Way offers its own figure of 13 percent. The difference between them is actually semantic: The Black United Funds define a minority agency as one totally controlled by and serving minorities. "The United Way is more willing to share a dollar with you than to share some power," says Brenda Rayford of the Detroit Black United Fund. "If 90 percent of your clientele is black and everybody on the board is white, well, that's still accepting crumbs from 'his' table."

In fact, authority within the United Way has become as emotional an issue as its disbursement of funds. Walter Bremond, head of the black charity group, states bluntly that "The United Way is a racist institution. Look at the leadership—is there a black or any other ethnic person running a United Way anywhere in the country?" The statistical evidence is ambiguous. Minorities are grossly underrepresented in executive director positions, making up less than 2 percent. But they have a healthy 15 percent representation among United Way staffs generally.

Some local United Way leaders have tried to respond to minority group pressures. Phil Schneiderman, director of the Indianapolis local, has sought to rectify the racial imbalance of the local United Way governing board. In a city that is 17 percent black, the 40-member board now includes six blacks. Other local agencies have funded a gay-rights group and a black organization seeking state licensing for day-care centers. Moreover, businessmen on United Way boards have often been remarkably statesmanlike when they find themselves financing a group that is attacking them. In 1974, the chairman of Sears Roebuck voted to bankroll the Chicago Welfare Rights Organization even after they'd kicked in his store windows, charging credit discrimination. But there is a powerful temptation to avert such conflicts by not funding controversial groups, especially because of the prominence of corporate leaders in United Way's fund-raising efforts.

The close ties between big business and the United Way, nurtured over three decades, have proven especially galling to other charitable groups, as the philanthropy field has weathered its own recession. Federal funds have dried up for many groups; foundations have slashed programs in a slumping stock market, with total giving stagnating at about $2 billion for more than five years now; inflation has thinned the budgets of many agencies; and the soaring costs of telephone service and postage have crippled fund-raisers dependent upon them. Individual giving has stagnated with the increase of the standard deduction, thus discouraging taxpayers from giving contributions that would then have to be itemized in order to be deducted. (Here, however, relief may be on the way: The Fisher-Conable bill, now in Congress, would permit taxpayers to itemize charitable gifts while taking the standard deduction.) Groups ranging from the American Lung Association to the National Black United Fund have failed to qualify for the federal civil service charity drive because of overhead costs exceeding 25 percent of dollars raised.

Amid this general gloom, United Way's Program for the Future triumphantly envisions a tripling of its present fund raising to $3 billion by 1985. The competition rages that unscrupulous business tactics and an unholy marriage with giant corporations are largely responsible for the United Way's prodigious good health.

Both United Way and its critics agree in ascribing much of its success to close ties with big business. In May 1976 the United Way inaugurated a National Corporate Development Program, whose aim is to sign up corporate leaders who will disseminate the United Way gospel throughout their empires. The program is spearheaded by one of business's big guns, AT&T chairman John D. deButts. The United Way has already recruited executives in an astonishing 101 of the Fortune 500 companies. The involvement of top management has been a keystone of the United Way's success. As Boston College sociologist David Horton Smith remarks in his study of the United Way, "The key decision nowadays is not the individual decision to give by the employee or executive, but the decision by corporate *top* executives to participate organizationally in the United Way campaign."

The rapport between big businessmen and the United Way rests on more than a mere 30 years of custom. It subsists on a sense of identification, of a shared corporate ethos. During United Way's Volunteer Leaders Conference, held in Detroit in early May, chairman of the board John Hanley toasted A.W. Clausen of the Bank of America by saying that while the United Way had boosted its income 9 percent last year, the Bank of America had topped them with an 18 percent rise. The audience cheered enthusiastically. Clearly the delegates saw both business and the United Way—indeed, the whole nonprofit voluntary sector—as bulwarks against their *bête noire*, Big Government. Clausen, who heads the United Way's Long Range Planning Committee, was asked whether businessmen analogized voluntarism and free markets.

"Of course," said the bank executive. "Roll back the clock several decades and one in 10 worked for the government. Today it's one in five or six. We need to keep a very strong private sector. The United Way is a way to reinforce that."

Looked at from another point of view, of course, the similarity between the United Way and large corporations becomes ominous rather than comforting. According to United Way's critics, the organization shares with business

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The United Way lost a suit that accused it of having attempted to monopolize charitable fund-raising in Los Angeles.

not only an eager pursuit of money, but a tendency toward anticompetitive practices designed to keep everyone else out of the race. Robert O. Bothwell, director of the National Committee for Responsive Philanthropy, comments that "United Ways are but following the pattern of attempting to control the market that American business has followed for years."

A battle over market shares may seem like an unlikely activity for charitable organizations to indulge in, but that's exactly what's happening in cities all over the country. One of the most startling battles in the war was recently waged in Los Angeles, against the Associated In-Group Donors (AID). AID distributes funds to a variety of donors, including the United Way itself (for routing to UW agencies). In 1976 the United Way refused a million dollars in cash earmarked for it by AID, in an apparent effort to drive the competitor out of the charity business. AID's brief against the United Way is a classic of unintentionally macabre humor: The United Way is charged with threatening to cut off payments to charities that also accept money from AID. The defendants are portrayed as having "conspired and attempted to monopolize ... charitable fund-raising in the Greater Los Angeles Area." Apparently the alleged tactics worked: AID's fund-raising plummeted from $18 million in 1976 to $8.5 million last year. Under the terms of a court-ordered settlement in March, the United Way grudgingly took the million dollars and said it would accept AID funds in the future.

Elsewhere in the country—in Hartford, Omaha, Baltimore, and San Francisco, to name a few—health charities have tried to band together to compete against the United Way's onslaught, but have little to show for it.

The list of charges is a lengthy one—but United Way officials rebut every complaint. To the argument that his group enjoys an unfair monopoly through access to employee payrolls, John Hanley responds, "The contention is that somehow we forced this plan on unsuspecting labor unions and business. Baloney. The system of solicitation on the premises exists today because forward-thinking union leaders and businessmen felt that it would eliminate the continual harassment of workers that would inevitably result if each agency had to solicit funds on its own."

There remains the equally fundamental clash over what the United Way's purpose ought to be: To whom should the charitable organization give, and how much? National executive Bill Aramony vigorously defends the United Way against its critics.

"By its very nature, the United Way cannot have extremes of left or right," says Aramony. "It's a consensus system. And to that degree, you won't get a radical avant-garde position. Even our haircuts are conservative." Asked whether United Ways spent too much on the middle class and not enough for the truly needy, Aramony retorted, "That kind of 'needy' went out in 1935 with the Social Security Act. In our society today, the needs of the poor are largely met by tax responsibility. Our billion dollars is peanuts. The food stamp program runs four billion." Aramony insists that the middle class requires as much attention as the poor.

"The guys in the Flint, Michigan, GM auto plant are as needy—in my sense of need—as what is expressed in the traditional sense of need. They need day-care services, volunteer involvement. They've got delinquent kids. They need family and child care."

Bill Aramony's solicitude for the middle class triggers the worst suspicions of United Way critics. They feel that the idea of charity has been subverted. In fact, at the heart of the strife between United Way and its critics lies a deep philosophical split over the function of charity and the nature of need. The United Way often cites the "people" character of its programs, describing itself as a mere conduit for funneling money from individuals to individuals. With its stress on the sovereign power of the individual—both as donor and recipient—the United Way naturally favors health, recreation, and character-building apolitical programs.

But to such groups as the National Black United Fund, charity should share a mission of social justice with the welfare state. The recipients should be the truly downtrodden, victims of social decay or neglect. The goal should be not only to succor such individuals but to create permanent, institutional changes in society that will make charity unnecessary in the future.

Whether or not these two views can be reconciled remains to be seen. As one worried United Way activist remarks, "The undesirable, unpopular, unwashed kind of clientele—keeping a drunk off the street or putting him up for the night in a shelter—they just aren't salable in the United Way ads." ◉

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The Indisputable Soviet Press

by Yuri Luryi and George Feifer

EXPLAINING WHY American newspapers will not be required to publish previously demanded retractions, the Moscow judge oozed self-satisfaction. "Through the widely publicized information of TASS and of the Western press that revealed the process of the suit in detail, the world public has had the opportunity to see for itself that the articles were libelous," he pronounced. But in late August, the Soviet Foreign Ministry reprimanded Harold Piper of the *Baltimore Sun* and Craig Whitney of the *New York Times* for not having seen to it that the retractions were printed.

It began in May when the two Moscow correspondents filed stories about a Georgian dissident recently convicted of "anti-Soviet" activities. Friends of the convicted man had told Piper and Whitney that his televised confession was not genuine. The State Committee for Television and Radio brought suit on the grounds that the stories reporting this—in the same American newspapers—defamed its honor and dignity. The ruling against the Americans was curious in that the Moscow court assumed the right to pass judgment on articles published abroad. And in terms of ordinary Soviet domestic practice, the decision departed so far from "the norm" as to make it not just curious but positively strange.

The practice usually runs more like this: Shortly before Stalin died, a Leningrad lawyer named Boris Reznikov won a case for his party in a suit spawned by a wrangle about rights to a square meter in a communal apartment. The defeated family were distant relatives of David Zaslavsky, one of the country's most influential journalists, who specialized in exposing villains. *Pravda* headlined Zaslavsky's thunder about the everyday housing dispute "What a Lawyer Cooked Up." This article—and this article alone—caused Reznikov's immediate disbarment.

His feverish attempts to see his destroyer succeeded after a year. Arguments and documents convinced Zaslavsky that Reznikov had been "a hundred percent right all along. But I'm warning you, don't ask me to straighten this out in print. And don't try getting a retraction from the editors. That would be not only impossible, but dangerous for you."

Reznikov died, prematurely, just over a year later. His kind of ruin still occurs regularly in Russia, for the Soviet press remains full of mistaken attacks on supposed wrongdoers. Most make allegations—or rumors—into facts, take the guilt of defendants for granted, treat alleged crimes as committed ones. Many castigate people whom law officers have accused of nothing, while others see arrest as a signal to pronounce on the suspect's "known" evil ways.

Earlier this summer, a large supply of building materials was stolen from a collective farm. A construction worker was arrested, and in accordance with the code of communal procedure, an investigation was initiated to determine whether enough evidence existed to charge him. *Pravda* announced that his responsibility was clear: "The investigation is already under way." Like most of its kind, this article never used "suspected," "alleged," or any other word likely to remind readers that, in Soviet criminal theory, too, only a court can determine guilt.

Boris Reznikov could not have challenged David Zaslavsky's and *Pravda*'s brutal inaccuracies about him in court, for provision was made for such suits only when the new Civil Codes were adopted in 1962. Article 7 (under which Harold Piper and Craig Whitney were sued) provided that "Citizens and organizations shall have the right to sue... for retraction of statements defamatory to their honor and dignity, where the person circulating such statements fails to prove them to be true. Where such statements are circulated through the press, they must, if found untrue, be also retracted in the press."

By any standard, this was a positive, even a democratic, development. The legislation was even more attractive for its characteristically "Soviet" approach: that money cannot make amends for moral hurt (just as it cannot compensate for physical pain, if the sufferer does not simultaneously lose his ability to work). Only a public retraction would do—and it was for this, rather than for a million rubles, that the offended Soviet citizen was now entitled to sue.

How has it worked when they have done so? Does a libeled Ivan Ivanov obtain redress from the appropriate People's Court as quickly and easily as the State Committee for Television and Radio did in its suit against Piper and Whitney? The answer is no. Comrade Ivanov has as much chance to restore his good name as to enjoy Piper and Whitney's right to read and write what they like. Although people defamed by neighbors or co-workers have been able to force retractions under Article 7, the subjects of calumny from the press are almost as defenseless as before.

Suits by private persons against newspapers barely exist in Soviet practice, and for good reason: Soviet lawyers know they are among the most difficult to conduct, and virtually unwinnable. The cult of the infallibility of Soviet newspapers is the reason—or, to cut away one layer of hired help, the cult of the Party's perfect wisdom and goodness. Every significant newspaper in the land is the vehicle of either a Party body or governmental agency (which, in most cases, is also a creature of the Party).

In other words, the plaintiff's opponent in such suits is nothing less than the Party leadership of his area or sphere of activity. These men, who can be thought of as the Soviet Union's Mississippi sheriffs, do not have a high tolerance for challenges from ordinary citizens. Judges know this so well that some, in blatant violation of their prescribed duties, will hear no suits of this kind unless they are sanctioned by the Party headmen—the very First and Second Secretaries in whose organ the disputed articles originally appeared! Zaslavsky's warning to Reznikov derived less from concern over how a public retraction would have affected his career than from knowledge that newspapers almost *never* admit

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they have been wrong, apart from when a voice of higher truth, such as *Pravda*, orders a lower, local one to do so.

Knowing, therefore, that suits against newspapers are as good as lost from the beginning, experienced lawyers discourage clients from attempting the impossible. (Challenged papers have a habit of publishing a second article. No less infallible than the first, it is usually more crushing, often finishing off the subject by making certain he is fired, prosecuted, or otherwise harassed.)

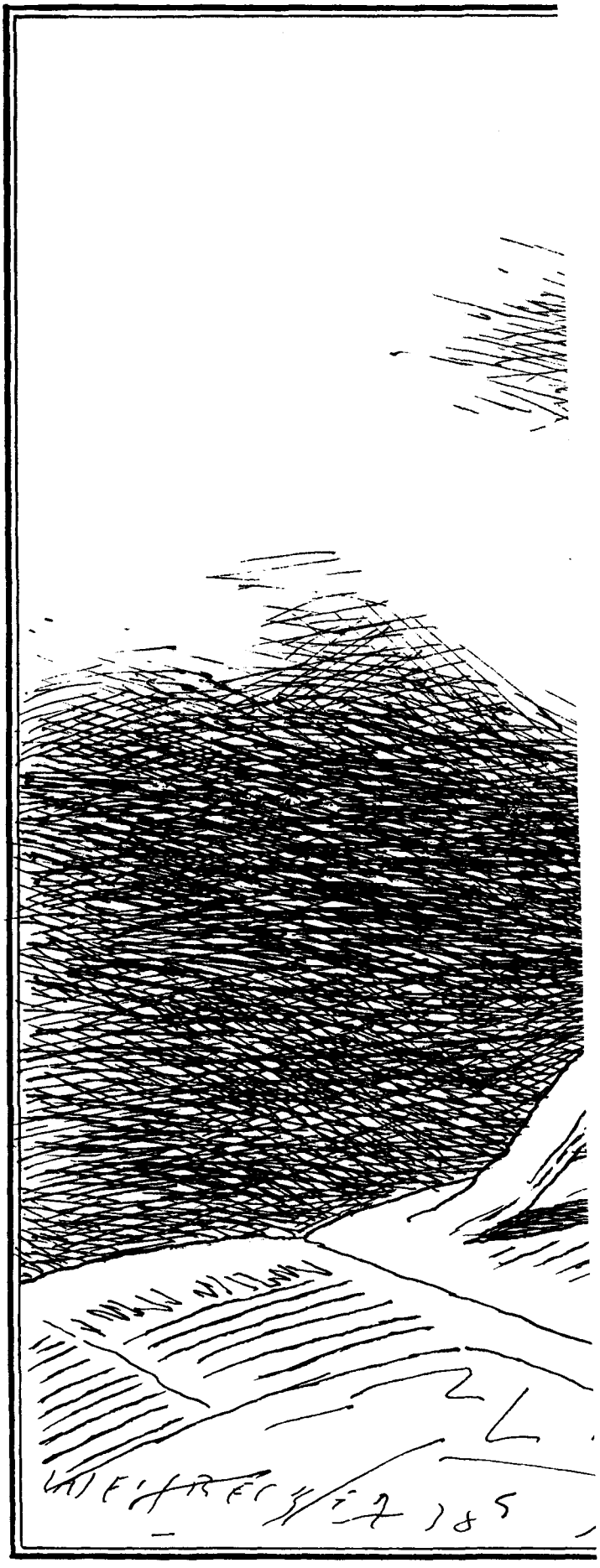
The lucky plaintiff in a case that merits special mention here was not entirely alone against the high and mighty of press accusation. In 1965, *Leningrad Pravda* ran a story headlined "Under the Cover of Night." Not uncommonly, its author was a police officer, who wrote that one Pyotr Vasiliev had enticed three co-workers to dig up valuables buried in a certain grave he knew of. "It's my idea," Vasiliev's proposal was quoted. "You do the work, and we'll split the proceeds."

Three men were indeed apprehended digging toward a coffin under the cover of night. But although precisely such an article is often used to cement weak evidence against an accused, the investigation produced no evidence whatever against Vasiliev. On the contrary, the three diggers denied that he had ever proposed anything to them. This might have seemed powerful proof that the accusations against Vasiliev were false, but when he sued *Leningrad Pravda* to retract them, the newspaper defended its article. The city's highest legal officer, the procurator of Leningrad, supported it with all his power and influence, as well as with absurd arguments and blatant obfuscation. The case was repeatedly postponed, juggled, and toyed with—but at last the court found for Vasiliev. Twisting and turning desperately to prevent the decision from standing, the same procurator protested, and a higher court reversed the decision. But this was one of those cases when two state agencies—the newspaper and the criminal investigation office—were at odds. The plaintiff had a trump card in the form of the investigator's report, a kind of official certification that the allegations were false. To have found against him would have been to pronounce the investigation faulty.

A much more typical case took place several years later in Novgorod, when an elderly man died and left his cottage to his two daughters, without mentioning his second wife (their stepmother) in his will. In the dispute that followed, the daughters offered to share the cottage with their stepmother (which is what the court hearing the inheritance case eventually ruled). But, no doubt because the stepmother found a sympathetic listener at the local newspaper, an angry article appeared. Accusing the sisters of having forced their dying father to write a cruel will, then of turning the stepmother out of the cottage, "The Law and Socialist Conscience" crowned its insults of the daughters with ugly, wholly unsubstantiated stories about the father's marriage to the daughters' mother. Although *Novgorod Young Communist* offered no evidence whatever to support its vilification—on the contrary, the judge who heard the inheritance case had dismissed the same charges as unfounded—the sisters lost their suit to compel retraction under Article 7.

It bears repeating that such press libel is practiced day after day. The director of a school who resents a teacher gains the ear of a local editor, and the teacher is mercilessly mocked. One team of architects uses the same method to vent its pique against another. And when the offended party sues, he finds himself facing a team of three. The extremely biased judge (as biased as in many criminal cases) and the district's top law enforcement officer join the respondent to defend the newspaper's honor—that is, the Communist Party's rule.

With such results in suits against newspapers when no whiff of ideological deviation is involved, one can imagine a



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PHILIPPE WEISBECKER

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political undesirable's chances of defending his honor. Since the Soviet press cannot tell the truth about the ideas and activities for which it persecutes dissidents, they are libeled with special persistence and crudity. One article that Vladimir Bukovsky read about himself was vicious even by these standards. From prison, Bukovsky protested that he had been indicted and convicted on specific charges that said nothing—nor did any of the testimony at his trial—about the heinous crimes that *Literary Gazette* attributed to him. Ways were found to prevent him from even bringing suit.

The case of Piper and Whitney also turned on the fate of a dissident, which is, in one sense, a separate aspect of Soviet legal practice, and in a large sense, illustrative of its same central pattern. The dissident here was Zviad Gamsakhurdia, a Georgian patriot and defender of human rights who was convicted last May of "anti-Soviet" activities. "I sincerely regret what I have done and condemn the crime I have committed," said Gamsakhurdia at his trial. "I am ready to accept my punishment." In dispatches to their newspapers, Piper and Whitney quoted friends and relatives of the accused who contended that a televised confession by the defendant had been fabricated. The State Committee for Television and Radio promptly brought suit against them.

Soviet newspapers' constant libeling of innocent victims ought to have made laughable the State Committee's righteous indignation about the *Baltimore Sun* and *New York Times*. But the virtual impossibility of winning such a suit against Russian papers only seemed to sharpen the Russian appetite. On the day the suit was brought, *Pravda*, the organ of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, *Izvestiya*, the voice of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet, and eight fellow papers published an announcement headlined "Brought to Account for Libel." Although the hearing was three weeks away, the newspapers dispensed with "alleged" and wrote as if the libel were already established, the decision already made. (Clearly it *had* been made, but in the Kremlin, not in Moscow City Court.) Although this was a civil suit, *Pravda* and *Izvestiya* wrote of Piper and Whitney as "accused." And they stated that the two had themselves claimed Soviet television had falsified the Gamsakhurdia interview—whereas they wrote no such thing, but cited friends and relatives who called it counterfeit.

The State Committee's suit against the American journalists contained as much due process of law as the recent trials of Yuri Orlov, Alexander Ginzburg, and Anatoly Shcharansky. Gamsakhurdia was brought out of prison to state that his television confession was genuine. It is not known which method the KGB used from its arsenal against prisoners—threats against their families or of much longer terms in labor camps are the commonest—to force him to renounce his fiercely held convictions.

Like others of its kind, Gamsakhurdia's recantation avoided all harm to those open to it by criticizing only foreigners or Soviet citizens who had already emigrated. The trade of less cruel treatment for a usable statement has become a standard part of dissident life. No one has described the principle better than Gely Snegirov, a Ukrainian writer. "If I recant from prison, do not believe me," he said. "If I say I regret what I did, it will be a lie under duress." Snegirov was arrested—and he recanted—last year.

One need not have returned to Dostoyevski recently to know how dear repentance is to the Russian soul, how central to Russian Orthodoxy, how frequently encountered in Russian literature and life. Although somewhat related to repentance, dissidents' recantations are crucially different. Confession à la Dostoyevski was a voluntary action to help the tormented individual, whereas the Soviet variety is extracted from individuals (who are tortured in quite different ways) on the order, and in the service, of the authorities. It is not to assuage private guilt but to exalt the all-wise Party that the Soviets demand prostration from challengers. Forcing public confession is one more way to try to demonstrate Party infallibility.

In 1975 a Leningrad writer named Vladimir Maramzin was convicted of anti-Soviet agitation and propaganda for helping to prepare an unauthorized collection of poetry. He had waged a brave, bold campaign to try to free a co-editor of the underground collection, but was imprisoned for his efforts. Soon after his arrest, an official of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs delivered an envelope to *Le Monde*'s Moscow correspondent with a request that the important contents be published as quickly as possible. It was a letter from Maramzin, condemning his previous ideas and work, asking the Western press not to make unfair use of his name. Maramzin's co-editor was in a labor camp for four years, but received a conditional sentence and was permitted to emigrate.

Now in Paris, the editor is writing novels that in Russia would earn him long sentences for "anti-Soviet propaganda." If, before he left, American correspondents had written that his confession was not genuine, he too would have been produced to mumble that he had made a "sincere admission of guilt." And if Gamsakhurdia were in Paris with him, he would return to his normal self and true convictions. His case differs from Maramzin's only in details. While he is a KGB captive, his confession is meaningless.

More than anything, this selection of cases confirms that the Party controls each and every one of them—without a single exception—when it wants to. The suit against Piper and Whitney was clearly planned from the Central Committee or higher, if only because the State Committee for Television and Radio would not dare take legal action against foreigners without instructions from above. Although a civil case, it fits into the pattern of dissident trials, where everything is initiated, decided, and managed by political rather than judicial authorities.

Previously, Soviet citizens have been the chief victims of the Marxist axiom that law is an instrument of the ruling class. Using the courts to penalize American journalists, having judges demand retractions from the *Baltimore Sun* and the *New York Times* (even when the demand is later withdrawn), are expressions of especial arrogance. The thief who escapes capture by pointing his finger at someone else and crying "Stop, thief!" is a standard figure in Russian folklore, but the Piper-Whitney decision was closer to the totalitarian tactics best described by Orwell.

Anyone who cares to answer by suing Soviet journalists posted in America for libel will probably be thwarted. The daily barrage of "anti-American" abuse in Soviet newspapers so far exceeds anything written by American correspondents about Russia that it must be read to be believed. But the Foreign Sovereign Immunities Act of 1976 apparently deprives American courts of jurisdiction over agencies of foreign governments when those agencies are not acting in a commercial capacity. A Massachusetts court has already rejected an otherwise powerful libel suit against TASS for this reason. As with the early wheat sales to the Soviet Union, the cards are all stacked in the Russians' favor primarily because the world public referred to by the Moscow judge is uninformed about Soviet practices. Not just uninformed but misled, which seems to be Moscow's chief wish for the world public's understanding of its law court. ◉

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Address

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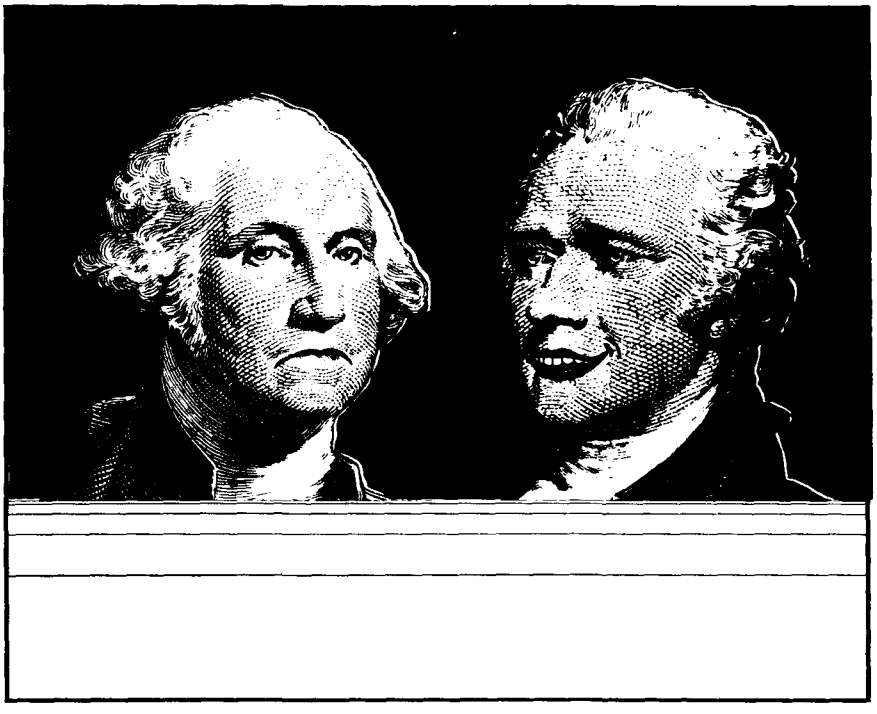
Let's Cut the Poortalk

by David Myers and Thomas Ludwig

JIM HARTER



A DEBILITATING IDEA afflicts American thinking. It is highly contagious, perhaps because people enjoy having it. Moreover, once it starts to spread, people quickly try to one-up each other to see who has it the worst. The ailment contaminates people at all levels of income and education—college faculty, union workers, business executives.

We call this affliction *poortalk*. As people's spending outstrips their income, they feel and proclaim that they are underpaid, defeated by inflation and taxes, and incapable of affording their family's needs. Workers complain they cannot make ends meet on their inadequate salaries. Friends grouse to one another about rising costs and find bittersweet pleasure in itemizing what they cannot afford. People living in lavish homes bemoan the cost of trivial items.

But the fact is that buying power is *not* less than it used to be. Everyone knows that consumer prices have more than doubled in the past 20 years, but we are less vividly conscious that our average income has tripled. Our real disposable income, corrected for inflation and taxes, has risen 57 percent during this same period. Why then do we not *feel* 57 percent more affluent? Why do Americans today report no greater feelings of happiness than did Americans 30 years ago? Why do yesterday's luxuries become today's necessities, leading people to feel that their needs are always slightly greater than their income?

Psychological researchers have developed a principle that helps explain our insatiability. It is called the adaptation-level principle, and its basic point (which actually dates back to the Epicurean and Stoic philosophers) is that our expectations of success and failure, satisfaction and dissatisfaction, even justice and injustice, are relative to our prior experience and to what we observe people like ourselves receiving. If our achievements rise above these expectations, we experience success and satisfaction. If they fall below, we feel dissatisfied and frustrated.

If the achievements persist, notes Northwestern University psychologist Donald Campbell, our experience is recalibrated so that what was formerly positive is now only neutral and what was formerly neutral becomes negative. Thus, humans can never create a social paradise on earth. Once achieved, our utopia would soon be recalibrated, and we would again feel sometimes pleasured, sometimes deprived, and sometimes neutral.

This adaptation-level principle helps explain why poortalk is especially prevalent now. American prosperity nearly doubled in the quarter century following World War II—an unprecedented growth in affluence. The 1973 oil price hikes skyrocketed the costs of fuel, housing, and health care, and inflation is now consuming most of our increased earnings. So even though real income is up considerably from past decades, most of us are still evaluating our present experience in relation to the more rapidly rising prosperity of the Fifties and Sixties. The result is poortalk.

But aren't all of us in the same boat? Why are so many people dissatisfied when they compare their lot in life with others in their own groups? One reason is that people generally perceive themselves to be more admirable and deserving than those others. This phenomenon has been observed many times in laboratory experiments and in national surveys. Most people see themselves as superior to the average members of their groups. These perceptions are obviously distorted: The

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Dwelling on one's relative deprivations reduces the likelihood of taking action to reduce the absolute deprivation of others.

average person is *not* better than the average person. The human tendency to see oneself as better than others is surely a source of discontent. When merit salary raises are awarded by a company, half of the employees will receive an average or less-than-average raise. Since few perceive themselves as average or less-than-average employees, many will feel an injustice has been done them. The result: more poortalk.

The dissatisfactions bred by adaptation to affluence and by pride are compounded by yet another psychological phenomenon. Laboratory experiments indicate that when people are given the opportunity to compare themselves with various other people like themselves, they generally choose to compare themselves with those whose performance or rewards have been superior rather than inferior to their own. This behavior parallels that found in the real world. As an employee group or a family increases in affluence and social status, its members elevate the comparison standards by which they evaluate their own achievements. When climbing the ladder, people look up, not down; their attention is where they are going, not where they have come from. Unfortunately, the ladder is infinite; so unless we renounce the climb, we will forever be comparing ourselves with others who are still above us. The result of this upward comparison is still more poortalk.

Although poortalk is understandable, it is nevertheless debilitating. First, it makes us feel worse about our plight than is necessary. We enjoy complaining and commiserating; yet the very act of complaining increases our unhappiness. Psychologists have found that what we say influences what we think and feel. Too much poortalk can sour our thinking and diminish our satisfaction with life.

Second, poortalk focuses our attention on ourselves, thus blinding us to the genuine needs of those who lack the basic necessities of life: clean water, adequate nutrition, a roof overhead, and medical care. Dwelling on one's relative deprivations reduces the likelihood of taking action to reduce the absolute deprivation of others.

Third, by negatively comparing present experience with fantasies about the "good old days," poortalk interferes with the needed recalibration of our experience. When conservation and enormous energy bills become a way of life, most Americans will calibrate their experience again, this time downward, and thus will eventually recover life's normal balance of satisfaction, neutrality, and disappointment. Suppressing poortalk facilitates this recalibration process and thus helps lessen the frustration and despair that accompany adaptation to a simpler way of life.

Those making a conscious effort to reduce poortalk know that it is not easy. We can, however, take some steps to muffle poortalk's siren song, steps that could help us find satisfaction while living on a moderate income. We can analyze our present life satisfaction in light of the adaptation-level principle. Recognizing the relativity of our perceived deprivation can diminish our feelings of deprivation. Recognizing our past captivity to our appetites can open us to a new perspective on life, such as Jesus taught in his Sermon on the Mount: Happy are those who renounce selfish ambition, who cease clutching at things. Simple living unclutters the heart and makes room for those things that have ultimate value.

We can also go out of our way to confront true poverty. Discovering how relatively small our needs and problems are can reduce the insensitivity to real poverty that always accompanies poortalk as well as give us an appreciation for the extent to which some people's *real* needs are items we take for granted. Realizing this not only sensitizes us to the suffering of the truly impoverished, but also helps us develop gratitude for what we have.

If our limited supply of energy and natural resources necessitates a no-growth economy, or even simplified ways of living, will we be able to cope with the future? Will we ever be free from captivity to our material appetites? Becoming aware of the relativity of our appetites and reducing poortalk can be steps toward liberation from the pain that so often accompanies economic change. ◉

Social psychologist David Myers is the author of The Human Puzzle: Psychological Research and Christian Belief, *just published by Harper & Row. Thomas Ludwig holds a Ph.D. in developmental psychology from Washington University.*

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HOW TO GET RICH THE LAZY MAN'S WAY

I used to work hard. The 18-hour days. The 7-day weeks.

But I didn't start making big money until I did less–a *lot* less.

For example, this ad took about 2 hours to write. With a little luck, it should earn me 50, maybe a hundred thousand dollars.

What's more, I'm going to ask you to send me 10 dollars for something that'll cost me no more than 50 cents. And I'll try to make it so irresistible that you'd be a darned fool not to do it.

After all, why should you care if I make $9.50 profit if I can show you how to make a *lot* more?

What if I'm so sure that you *will* make money my Lazy Man's Way that I'll make you a most unusual guarantee?

And here it is: I won't even cash your check or money order for 31 days *after* I've sent you my material.

That'll give you plenty of time to get it, look it over, try it out.

If you don't agree that it's worth *at least a hundred times* what you invested, send it back. Your *uncashed* check or money order will be put in the return mail.

The only reason I won't send it to you and bill you or send it C.O.D. is because both these methods involve more time and money.

And I'm already going to give you the biggest bargain of your life.

Because I'm going to tell you what it took me 11 years to perfect: How to make money the Lazy Man's Way.

O.K.–now I have to brag a little. I don't mind it. And it's necessary–to prove that sending me the 10 dollars . . . which I'll keep "in escrow" until you're satisfied . . . is the smartest thing you ever did.

I live in a home that's worth $250,000. I know it is, because I turned down an offer for that much. My mortgage is less than half that, and the only reason I haven't paid it off is because my Tax Accountant says I'd be an idiot.

My "office," about a mile and a half from my home, is right on the beach. My view is so breathtaking that most people comment that they don't see how I get any work done. But I do enough. About 6 hours a day, 8 or 9 months a year.

The rest of the time we spend at our mountain "cabin." I paid $30,000 for it–cash.

I have 2 boats and a Cadillac. All paid for.

We have stocks, bonds, investments, cash in the bank. But the most important thing I have is priceless: time with my family.

And I'll show you just how I did it–the Lazy Man's Way–a secret that I've shared with just a few friends 'til now.

It doesn't require "education." I'm a high school graduate.

It doesn't require "capital." When I started out, I was so deep in debt that a lawyer friend advised bankruptcy as the only way out. He was wrong. We paid off our debts and, outside of the mortgage, don't owe a cent to any man.

It doesn't require "luck." I've had more than my share, but I'm not promising you that you'll make as much money as I have. And you may do better; I personally know one man who used these principles, worked hard, and made 11 million dollars in 8 years. But money isn't everything.

It doesn't require "talent." Just enough brains to know what to look for. And I'll tell you that.

It doesn't require "youth." One woman I worked with is over 70. She's travelled the world over, making all the money she needs, doing only what I taught her.

It doesn't require "experience." A widow in Chicago has been averaging $25,000 a year for the past 5 years, using my methods.

". . . I didn't have a job and I was worse than broke. I owed more than $50,000 and my only assets were my wife and 8 children. We were renting an old house in a decaying neighborhood, driving a 5-year old car that was falling apart, and had maybe a couple of hundred dollars in the bank.

Within one month, after using the principles of the Lazy Man's Way to Riches, things started to change – to put it mildly.

- *We worked out a plan we could afford to pay off our debts – and stopped our creditors from hounding us.*
- *We were driving a brand-new Thunderbird that a car dealer had given to us!*
- *Our bank account had multiplied tenfold!*
- *All within the first 30 days!*

And today . . .

- *I live in a home that's worth over $250,000.*
- *I own my "office". It's about a mile and a half from my home and is right on the beach.*
- *I own a lakefront "cabin" in Washington. (That's where we spend the whole summer – loafing, fishing, swimming and sailing.)*
- *I own two oceanfront condominiums. One is on a sunny beach in Mexico and one is snuggled right on the best beach of the best island in Hawaii.*
- *I have two boats and a Cadillac. All paid for.*
- *I have a net worth of over a Million Dollars. But I still don't have a job . . ."*

What *does* it require? Belief. Enough to take a chance. Enough to absorb what I'll send you. Enough to put the principles into *action*. If you do just that–nothing more, nothing less–the results *will* be hard to believe. Remember–I guarantee it.

You don't have to give up your job. But you may soon be making so much money that you'll be able to. Once again–I guarantee it.

The wisest man I ever knew told me something I never forgot: "Most people are too busy earning a living to make any money."

Don't take as long as I did to find out he was right.

Here are some comments from other people. I'm sure that, like you, they didn't believe me either. Guess they figured that, since I wasn't going to deposit their check for 31 days, they had nothing to lose.

They were right. *And here's what they gained:*

$260,000 in eleven months

"Two years ago, I mailed you ten dollars in sheer desperation for a better life . . . One year ago, just out of the blue sky, a man called and offered me a partnership . . . I grossed over $260,000 cash business in eleven months. You are a God sent miracle to me."

B. F., Pascagoula, Miss.

Made $16,901.92 first time out

"The third day I applied myself totally to what you had shown me. I made $16,901.92. That's great results for my first time out."

J. J. M., Watertown, N.Y.

'I'm a half-millionaire'

"Thanks to your method, I'm a half-millionaire . . . would you believe last year at this time I was a slave working for peanuts?"

G. C., Toronto, Canada

$7,000 in five days

"Last Monday I used what I learned on page 83 to make $7,000. It took me all week to do it, but that's not bad for five day's work."

M. D., Topeka, Kansas

Can't believe success

"I can't believe how successful I have become . . . Three months ago, I was a telephone order taker for a fastener company in Chicago, Illinois. I was driving a beat up 1959 Rambler and had about $600 in my savings account. Today, I am the outside salesman for the same fastener company. I'm driving a company car . . . I am sitting in my own office and have about $3,000 in my savings account."

G. M., Des Plaines, Ill.

I know you're skeptical. After all, what I'm saying is probably contrary to what you've heard from your friends, your family, your teachers and maybe everyone else you know. I can only ask you one question.

How many of them are millionaires?

So it's up to you:

A month from today, you can be nothing more than 30 days older – or you can be on your way to getting rich. You decide.

Sworn Statement:
"On the basis of my professional relationship as his accountant, I certify that Mr. Karbo's net worth is more than one million dollars."
Stuart A. Cogan

Bank Reference:
Home Bank
17010 Magnolia Avenue
Fountain Valley, California 92708

Joe Karbo
17105 South Pacific, Dept. 337-H
Sunset Beach, California 90742

Joe, you may be full of beans, but what have I got to lose? Send me the Lazy Man's Way to Riches. *But don't deposit my check or money order for 31 days after it's in the mail.*

If I return your material – for *any* reason – within that time, return my *uncashed* check or money order to me. On that basis, here's my ten dollars.

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Nubia's African-Egyptian-Western Art

by Vicki Goldberg

Prince Arikhaner Smiting Enemies —*"No longer thought of as a debased Egyptian offspring."*

FOR YEARS, Westerners looked at African culture through a scrim of prejudice. The continent (except for Egypt) was presumed to have neither art nor history. It took Derain and Picasso to recognize that primitive idols and ethnographic curiosities constituted a powerful art. It took scholars some years more to discover that the ancient land of Nubia south to Khartoum had a history approximately as long as history itself. Only the near destruction of that land and its people prompted a close study of its remarkable past. Now the first major show of this culture ever mounted is on view at the Brooklyn Museum—Africa in Antiquity: The Arts of Ancient Nubia and the Sudan (through December 31).

In the 19th century, the colonial powers had conveniently assumed that Egypt alone of African lands had a rich past, and Egypt, of course, was Western. But by 1959, when modern technology and the new economic imperialism, in the shape of the high dam at Aswan, presented a clear danger to what remained of ancient Nubia, a great international effort was made to rescue and study the fragments of the area's history. Just before the dam flooded all of Egyptian Nubia and forced one half the population to move outside their homeland, ancient Nubia became what is probably the most exhaustively excavated area in the world.

Only yesterday, when Nubian art was thought about at all, it was thought of as a kind of ugly bastard, a debased Egyptian offspring. Egypt had dominated Nubia from around 1500 B.C. to around 1000 B.C. and had built such temples there as Abu Simbel and Dendur (Dendur has been reconstructed and is now on view at New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art). Then the Nubian Kingdom of Kush ruled Egypt, from 747 to 656 B.C., and Kushite art adopted Egyptian conventions including fractional representation (faces and legs drawn in profile, eyes and torsos drawn from the front), the sphinx, and such Egyptian gods as the ram-headed Amun. There are more pyramids in Kush than in Egypt itself.

But something was always wrong.

Long after Egypt achieved sophistication, art in Nubia remained rather primitive, producing little but pottery with geometric designs and clay figurines of women with heads like thumbs and enormous, scarified hips. Pyramids did not rise in Kush until 800 years after Egypt stopped building them. Kushite figures, even when they imitate Egyptian, tend to be squat and overweight, with faces that may be broad and heads that may be bald. They wear too much jewelry. They worship odd gods. They rarely possess the extravagant elegance of Tutankhamun's perfectly measured, ideal, golden world. Egypt gone sour, so to speak.

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Spout for a Wine Press
— Nubia's energy has been too long hidden beneath earth and ignorance.

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Swimming Girl With Basin—*"A rare graft of Western onto African art."*

Perhaps the Kushites' canon of beauty was simply different. Perhaps the indigenous tradition was more robust, more realistic than the Egyptian, which stressed refinement and idealization. Nubian art looks like a rare graft of African onto Western art and should be judged by its own standards. A Kushite official with heavy stomach and sagging breasts, a king with wide cheeks and protruding lips: Once thought brutal, they may now be called realistic. Nubia was the corridor for trade and communication between the classical world of the Mediterranean and the interior of black Africa. Elements of both worlds meld in some of the works in Brooklyn. The Venus of Meroë, for instance, which stood by a Roman bath near the Nile, is as stumpy and heavy-boned a goddess of love as ever a man could wish to pinch. An eclectic art, Nubian seldom conforms to the standard Greek notion of beauty, but it has a power and vigor all its own.

The show is a collection of oddities, surprises, and delights. Ranging over 4,000 years, from the beginning of written history through Egyptian, Roman, and Christian times, it allows us a glimpse of the remains of 40 centuries: vessels shaped like ostriches with three legs; a rock-crystal amulet surmounted by the golden head of Hathor and looking like nothing so much as a Victorian forgery; dragon-headed beasts of mica who once adorned a burial bed; and a mural of a looming, white-skinned Christ protecting a small, black official of the church. The golden treasure of a queen—Nubia may have received its name from the Egyptian word for gold—includes dazzling jewelry and figurines.

Recognition of the quality of Nubian art owes something to changes in Western taste and something to the emerging nationalism of the African states. Nubian history reaches back some 3,000 years further in time than any other known black African civilization (most scholars do not accept Egypt as a black culture). And because the land is so harsh that it has successfully resisted invasion since about 1500 B.C., elements of the culture survive almost unbroken from early times to the present. Nubian is still spoken today, women make pottery that is similar to the pottery presumably made by women in ancient times, houses are painted with motifs directly related to those of the ancient kingdoms. A genealogy that puts most European countries to shame.

American black pride also may have contributed to the Brooklyn show. After the museum's 1973 Akhenaten and Nefertiti show, numerous visitors complained that only white cultural and aesthetic prejudices could refer to the Pharaoh's skull and large lips as grotesque, rather than as the natural characteristics of a black man. Dr. Bernard Bothmer, chairman of the department of Egyptian and Classical art, remarked to a reporter that these comments prompted him to look harder at the African elements in Egyptian art. That line of sight led to Nubia.

An educator at the museum says that black children often ask if the noses of Egyptian statues have purposely been broken off because they were broad, like their own. Each of us comes to art, still, with our predispositions intact.

The energy and odd juxtapositions of Nubian art, so long hidden beneath earth and ignorance, will come as a surprise to black and white alike. A two-volume catalog with scholarly essays on Nubian art, history, and culture is available. The show travels next to Seattle (February 15–April 15, 1979), then to New Orleans (May 19–August 12), and finally to The Hague, in Holland (September 15–November 11). The hope is that it will continue to travel in scholars' minds as well, leading to further study of an area with a still undeciphered ancient language, a sketchy history, and a culture imposingly ancient—but, to most of the world, astonishingly new. ◉

Vicki Goldberg is an art historian and a contributing editor of American Photographer.

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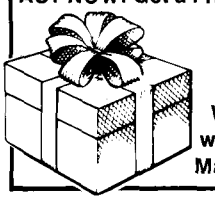

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THEATER

The Gospel Truth

by Martin Gottfried

WATCH ALEC McCOWEN reading the entire Gospel according to Saint Mark? Not if there's a *Gomer Pyle* re-run scheduled. One-man shows don't appeal to me. My basic attitude is that the one-man show is kind of a living Great Books. It has none of the basics of theater—story, character, scenery, action—except in a contrived and precious way. The limits of having one actor rule out variety and his overcoming the challenge is a stunt at best.

Or am I being a smug Philistine, than which there is nothing worse, knowing what I like? One-man shows have always been part of theater; many audiences seem to like them, and if a drama critic has to see them perhaps he'd better re-think his prejudices. Mind you, prejudice isn't wholly without merit. You don't have to keep reading cartoons in otherwise adult magazines to justify dismissing them as trivial.

I've seen my share of one-man shows because there have been more and more of them in recent seasons. They cost little to produce and can turn handsome profits. Hal Holbrook as Mark Twain. Henry Fonda as Clarence Darrow. Julie Harris as Emily Dickinson. James Earl Jones as Paul Robeson. Dorothy Stickney as Edna St. Vincent Millay. Fritz Weaver as Abraham Lincoln. And now, Alec McCowen. Some of these have been presented as "plays," others as "readings." Some flopped, while others, such as Holbrook's Twain, have provided lifetime annuities for the actor. James Whitmore, evidently set on finding such an annuity even if it means going through all of *Who's Who*, has had a go at Harry Truman, Will Rogers, and Teddy Roosevelt.

I am not entirely immune to one-man shows. Holbrook's is especially effective, perhaps because Twain provided such rich material and because the actor is not content simply to look like the character and tell colorful stories. Holbrook creates an affecting drama beneath his readings, acting a man whose age is starting to betray his mind.

Even Holbrook himself would admit that Alec McCowen is his superior as an acting technician. McCowen is a formidably experienced British repertory actor, and originated the leading role in *Equus*. Holbrook would probably also concede that reading Mark's Gospel is more daring than doing an evening of Mark Twain. (Thinking back on this, I don't think Holbrook would concede any such thing. No actor would, bless them all.)

McCowen's project does not provide the one theatrical device—disguise—that the other one-man shows do. The actor must be alone on stage, looking just like himself—in McCowen's case, a perfectly ordinary-looking man. Also, with no disrespect to either Mark or the authors of the King James version, the material is not quite as colorful as Will Roger's monologues or Twain's anecdotes or Dickinson's poetry. (Then again, as a story the Gospel has had fair staying power.) Also, this project gives McCowen no character to play. He cannot rely on our awareness of Lincoln or Robeson. He is simply the storyteller.

So, reading all of Mark's Gospel and holding the audience's interest certainly challenges the performer, not least as a feat of memory—we are talking, after all, about two hours' worth of speech. Impressed as I am with the art of acting, I've never quite gotten over the sheer memorizing of parts in any performance.

McCowen, who did this routine in London before bringing it to New York for three weeks late last summer, opened casually, the canny little devil. He strolled onto a bare stage wearing a sports jacket, his shirt collar unbuttoned. Boyishly middle-aged, he tried to be off-putting—"This is the warm-up." I think the audience bought it. He chatted about Ruth Draper, "the greatest solo performer of them all." (Really?) He spoke briefly about Mark's Gospel as "the closest thing we have to a first-hand account of Jesus' travels, many of the miracles, confrontations with the scribes and the Pharisees, and the disciples." Then, so smoothly that we almost didn't notice, he slipped into the Gospel itself.

He did not overcome my prejudice. I still think one-man shows are why God invented amateur hours. McCowen did not enthrall me. He succeeded in seeming fresh to the story, interested in hearing it himself, surprised at the developments. He was almost believably ingenuous. We were not too terribly aware that this was an actor acting, though he did demonstrate the Shakespearean's over-interest in novel readings of familiar phrases. His main purpose appeared to be to convey a sense of wonder and discovery about the Gospel, not so much as a religious experience but rather as a narrative one. He achieved it, only occasionally seeming coy. To his credit, he did not make use of cheap theatrical devices. Well, maybe one. Throughout the reading, there are three chairs on stage, around a table. Since there was nothing else to look at, one had to wonder why the chairs were there. I concluded that McCowen intended to do something with them, and so he did, tugging them here and there while striding vigorously around the table during a rousing moment in the story.

That's when the evening became a dramatics teacher's moonlighting at an adult-education class to pick up a few extra dollars. Which is what one-man shows, in general, seem like to me.

Mind you, many audiences are enamored of them. There is an unimpeachable quality to readings, impersonations, and recitals. Millay, Twain, Dickinson, Darrow, Lincoln—they have such *stature*. The Great Books and the Franklin Mint sell certified culture; why shouldn't the theater? Though these one-man shows seem to me to take the life-pulse from the stage and make living statues, why deny such pleasures to those who enjoy them?

Saint Mark's Gospel played to sold-out houses at New York's Marymount Manhattan College Theater, despite a newspaper strike that could have kept it a secret. The presentation proved so successful that a return engagement in a larger theater has been scheduled. (It will be at the Playhouse Theater from October 24 to November 12, after which it will be going on a tour of several cities across the country.) I daresay it will prove successful again—perhaps no *Hello, Dolly!*, but well-attended by appreciative audiences. Profit-taking notwithstanding, and despite my various, facile remarks, there is no real reason to knock McCowen, his Gospel, or one-man shows in general. They are unassailably civilized, decent, and refined. It's just that, somehow, such civility, decency, and refinement—in the theater—make me miss the Marx Brothers. ◉

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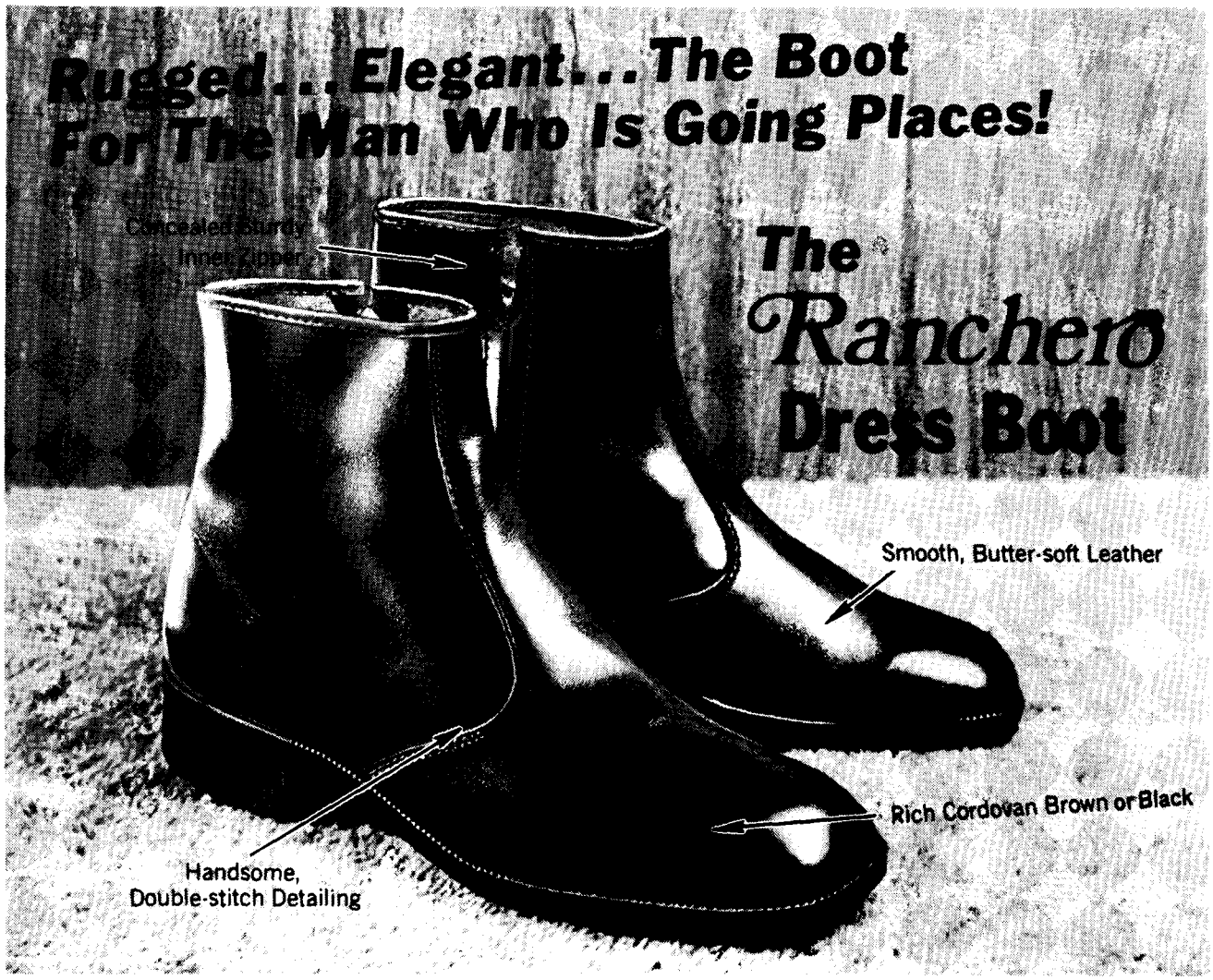

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THE MOVIES

Pink Panther Pandemonium

by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

A NEW PINK PANTHER film is upon us, and, as I saw *The Revenge of the Pink Panther* (United Artists) the other day, I tried to figure out why the series continues to work so well. Its elements are by now altogether predictable: the ingenious animated titles, the Henry Mancini signature theme, the ridiculous plots, the stupefyingly extravagant slapstick, the imbecilic but eternally triumphant Inspector Clouseau driving the eternally suffering Inspector Dreyfus once again to lunacy. Yet we laugh with abandon every time, or at least this reviewer does.

It is partly of course because Peter Sellers makes Clouseau so sublimely endearing a figure. The one failure in the series came when, in a moment of aberration, someone cast Alan Arkin, an otherwise gifted performer, as Clouseau. But Clouseau is no *schlemiel*; he is far too elegantly oblivious and disdainfully confident for that. Sellers has achieved a rich comic creation, down to the last quiver of the haughty Clouseau nostril. The ripeness of his accent in this new film almost defies phonetic reproduction. One can write "Perp," by which Clouseau means the prelate who lives in the Vatican, but how to reduce to letters his marvelous languid "le-uh," by which he means the law of which he is representative? Sellers renders perfectly Clouseau's self-deluded serenity in the midst of pandemonium. One's only fear is that this brilliant actor, who was so extraordinary in such movies as *Lolita* and *Dr. Strangelove*, may be imprisoned for too long in what must eventually become a routine role.

Another reason for the continued delight of the Clouseau films is the skill of Blake Edwards, who not only directed but co-authored this most recent installment. Edwards's specialty in these films is complex architectural slapstick—bodies careening out of windows, floors collapsing, bombs exploding—but he can also handle quiet humor, as, for example, a splendid scene in which one man stares with unseeing eyes through thick glasses at another in an elevator. Herbert Lom as Inspector Dreyfus muffling his laughter as he delivers a eulogy at Clouseau's funeral is a comedy classic.

I have no idea whether the French themselves embrace or repudiate Inspector Clouseau; but the atmosphere and rhythm of Edwards's films are reminiscent of such a popular French comic series as Hergé's *Adventures of Tin-Tin*. The Pink Panther and Tin-Tin thrive on the same mixture: spoof melodrama, intricate slapstick, and a pervading innocence and good will.

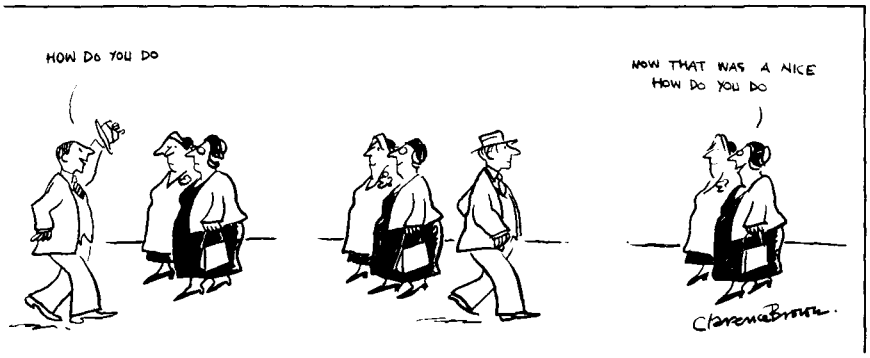
Capricorn One (Sir Lew Grade) is the most recent, and one of the most elegant, specimen of that post-Dallas genre, the paranoid thriller. Its purpose is to exploit the suspicion that has no doubt flitted through many minds—that the landing of the astronauts on the moon was a fake, cleverly contrived on some well-hidden movie set.

Like all paranoid thrillers, *Capricorn One* assumes the existence of a mass conspiracy—in this case, the United States Army and Air Force against the astronauts. Obviously the more people that take part in a secret conspiracy, the less likely the conspiracy is to remain secret. But, if one accepts this infirmity as one of the conventions of the genre, Peter Hyams, as both director and author of the screenplay, has worked out his tall tale with considerable style and brio. He has remarkable assistance from Bill Butler, a cinematographer who has a special gift for baleful images. Two helicopters pursuing the astronauts roam the western desert like great birds, as if possessing a life of their own, quite independent of the helmeted men inside. In one effective scene an astronaut laboriously climbs to the top of a cliff only to find the helicopters waiting for him like monsters in a horror film.

Capricorn One is also unusually well written. The dialogue is lively throughout, and a presidential speech at a memorial service for the astronauts is redolent with the well-polished vacuities familiar to every White House speech writer. James Brolin, Sam Waterston, and O. J. Simpson are persuasive as the astronauts, and Hal Holbrook gives a masterfully ham performance as the mad scientist behind the conspiracy. I found *Capricorn One* thoroughly enjoyable of its kind, though the kind may imply an audience unduly excited by self-destructive fantasy.

Elliott Gould appears as the intrepid reporter who breaks the story in *Capricorn One* and appears again as a bank teller turned bank robber in an X-rated number called *The Silent Partner* (Enterprise Pictures). The scene is Toronto, the time the week before Christmas, and the teller finds, for reasons unclear to me, one of those "I have a gun in my pocket; hand over your cash" notes. The "g" on the note has the same deformations as the "g" on a placard held by a Santa Claus, and the teller, deducing a bank robbery, decides when he receives the note definitively to hand over only a small amount of cash and keep the rest for himself.

Alas, Santa Claus, played by Christopher Plummer, turns out to be an uncommonly brutal sadist. When he discovers he was cheated of most of his take, he stomps on a prostitute in an appalling scene that fully justifies the X rating. He then starts out after the teller, warning him that, if he does not acknowledge his silent partnership, he will wish he had never been born. Anticipating further graphic scenes of torture applied by Plummer to Gould and no doubt also to Gould's girl, played by the charming Susannah York, I felt that even my obligations to the *Saturday Review* did not require me to stay through to the end. *The Silent Partner*, directed by Daryl Duke, appears to be a nasty little film executed with a certain brisk proficiency. The three excellent players involved should know better. ◉



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TELEVISION

The Gaming of America

by Karl E. Meyer

I WAS INTRIGUED to learn that when Philo T. Farnsworth transmitted the first wireless television images in San Francisco in 1927, the test pattern was a dollar sign. This fact was among the tidbits in a bulky press kit distributed by the makers of *Deal*, a feature film (which premiered at the Public Theatre in September) about the most lucrative of TV game shows, *Let's Make a Deal*.

Farnsworth, the co-inventor of all-electronic television, lived until 1971, and thus was able to see the full flowering of that epiphany of greed, the daytime game show. Participants gurgle and squeal with almost orgasmic ecstacy as goodies are flashed before them, and the winners gape like zombies at the loot they have acquired. Around 40 million Americans regularly watch these shows and salivate.

Two independent film directors, John Schott and E.J. Vaughn, had the interesting notion of exploring the surreal world of *Let's Make a Deal*. If a bit overlong (95 minutes), the documentary movie is devastating in what it tells about the great American capacity for self-deception. To hear the makers of this game show tell it, *Let's Make a Deal* is really a high-minded charity almost as worthy as the Community Chest.

After all, they argue, host Monty Hall and his producer-partner Stefan Hatos are giving viewers what they want—an innocent escape from everyday tedium. Moreover, since the program began in 1965, it has dispensed more prizes and cash—$31 million worth—than any game show in history. Someone has calculated that Monty Hall has been kissed 20,000 times in the course of 3,800 shows, which in their peak period have attracted 9 million daytime viewers and 27 million evening viewers. So loyal is *Deal*'s audience that when the program switched in 1968 from NBC to ABC, it transformed the daytime ratings of the latter network.

But the creators of *Let's Make a Deal* are more reticent about the program's profit yield to the networks, stations, and its producers—there is not even a rough estimate of the overall total available. In 1976, the income to Hatos and Hall together was $11 million, and it has been conjectured that since 1965 the pair has earned $44.8 million. In the process, thousands of manufacturers have had their giveaway prizes plugged, gratis.

No doubt about it, there is a perverse genius in *Let's Make a Deal*. It is unlike other game shows in that not a scintilla of skill is needed to become a big winner but the ability to catch the emcee's attention. Years ago a would-be contestant put on a bizarre costume, and the practice caught on. Today, ticket-holding Martians and Munchkins, cowboys and Indians, belly dancers and bumpkins turn up at the studio by the busload. All assemble for inspection as Monty Hall selects the 31 "traders" from a lineup that even a Fellini could not have invented.

In the documentary, a single program is anatomized, and we are taken backstage to writers' conferences, negotiations with sponsors, and the plotting of camera positions. There is hardly any commentary and none is really needed; the creators of *Let's Make a Deal* are permitted to speak for themselves, with revealing results. All are defensive, and obviously stung by critical derision. They want the program to be seen as a symbolic statement about the glories of competition and the rewards of American life. Anything that so many people like must have a redeeming merit, or so they argue. (The same case, of course, can be made for *Hustler*.)

This self-deception has a certain pathos. The contestants, dressed in their imbecilic costumes, are at least under no delusion about their motives—they want something for nothing. How refreshing if Monty Hall and Steve Hatos would be as honest, and simply remark that no one has ever lost a dime by overestimating the tastelessness of the public.

Hatos, it turns out, was once a promising oboist and played under Toscanini, Stokowski, Reiner, and Walter. He quit when he discovered how little money even the greatest oboists could earn. Only at the very end of the documentary does Hatos—a street-smart Hungarian with the pate of a Kojak—confess to any doubts: "And if I could have had the life of a musician and ultimately conducted and so on, that would have been a hell of a lot more gratifying for me....In the next life I'll come back as Leonard Bernstein."

If *Let's Make a Deal* does make a statement about America and television, it is implied in this poignant admission of lost opportunities. Messrs. Schott and Vaughn have come up with a fine documentary, and I only wonder why it is being distributed as a feature film. As soon as possible, *Deal* should be given prime-time exposure, preferably on a network, since game shows now account for 34 percent of all daytime programming on commercial television, and are indeed as American as instant gratification. ◉

"O.K., kid, you're on—but remember: It's a thin line between comedy and tragedy."

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Eyes on La Scala

by Irving Kolodin

THE EMINENT Teatro alla Scala in Milan has been so much a part of the sound of opera since it came into existence exactly 200 years ago that only a musical resume of its history could properly celebrate that anniversary.

But a recent visit to Sydney, Australia, provided a reminder that not everything that La Scala has stood for in these two centuries has been directed toward the ear. The eye, too, has had its share in that illustrious history. This has been admirably demonstrated by a traveling exhibit documenting the history of scenic design at La Scala that was recently brought from Milan to the new Sydney Opera House.

The history of La Scala is not only the history of opera in Italy, but the history of Italian opera in the world. When Pietro Gonzaga (1751-1831), a great scenic artist of La Scala's early days, went to Russia, where he continued to work until the end of his life, he encountered a countryman, Giacomo Quarenghi (1744-1817), whose work had delighted the Saint Petersburg court for years. That, however, was in keeping with the high standards that prevailed in Russia, where the great Giovanni Paisiello wrote the first setting of *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* (years before Rossini's).

"I told them at the agency—I don't do windows."

As recently as the early years of this century, an opera lover who enjoyed Amilcare Ponchielli's *La Gioconda* at New York's Metropolitan Opera might have discovered, had he traveled to the Teatro Colón in Buenos Aires, that the production there was curiously similar. That was no great tribute to the quality of the Met's scenery: Both derived from the prevailing custom of exporting scenic designs from Milan, along with the license to perform the opera.

These quaint historical touches are not stressed in the abundance of material put together by La Scala's archivists, but they are implicit in its range and variety. Such eminent designers as the Bibienas and the Sanquiros (secrets of scenic design, like a prized recipe for pasta, were handed down through generations of Italians in those days) are represented in a collection whose catalog totals more than 200 items.

Some of the most fascinating items in the exhibit are the miniature, boxlike mock-ups of stage settings (*teatrini*) that have been created for centuries. (The American Robert O'Hearn has perpetuated the teatrini tradition in his designs for the Met production of Richard Strauss's *Die Frau ohne Schatten*, and other works.) They include cutout figures of performers showing their relationship to the proposed (or existing) design. One of them, at least, is not miniature: It is an arrangement for a production of *Othello* which includes a proscenium showing the famous stage boxes of La Scala, and the maroon curtain with its traditional emblem in gold.

The greatest of Italian operatic composers is properly accounted for (even though Verdi had his fallings out with La Scala administrators in his later years, and took some premieres elsewhere). For those who would consider a show devoted to La Scala incomplete without music there is, in addition to a photo projection of great singers over the decades, a videotape of excerpts from a recent Scala production of Verdi's *Un Ballo in Maschera*, with a cast headed by Luciano Pavarotti.

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Browsers who might consider the sound of Verdi an intrusion on their attention to visual matter will find the unit thoughtfully displayed in a separate lounge.

Perhaps the most provocative, if not the most artistic, pieces in the show are a scattering of playbills and theatrical posters from the last 200 years. Among them is a fascinating one from the publishing house of Ricordi associated with Giacomo Puccini's *Madama Butterfly.* (It had an unsuccessful premiere at La Scala prior to its triumphant introduction, in a slightly amended form, at Brescia.) It shows the infant offspring of Butterfly and Pinkerton waving a small American flag with only 13 stars, thus putting back by nearly a century the opera's action.

Much more illustrative of La Scala's profoundly important role in the development of opera are posters recalling Italo Montemezzi's *Hellera*, Pietro Mascagni's *Isabeau*, and Ponchielli's *I Lituani*. Montemezzi is, of course, famous for *L'Amore dei Tre Re*, as Ponchielli is for *La Gioconda*, and Mascagni for *Cavalleria Rusticana*. But the prominence of these posters is a reminder that failures are as much a part of operatic history as successes. And that the period after an honorable failure (in the case of Ponchielli and Montemezzi) is often, as Verdi put it "time spent in the galleys," on the way to a triumphant success; and for that matter, that the long string of marginal successes that Mascagni experienced after *Cavalleria* (written in his twenties) was not held against him.

The exhibit, which originated at Milan's Palazzo Reale last February, should certainly be seen in every city that professes to be an operatic center. That it has been shown and absorbed in Australia is a tribute to the enterprise of the Sydney Opera Trust in cooperation with Alitalia.

Part of this sampling of the vast resources of the "Museo Teatrale alla Scala" accompanied the Scala opera company to the Kennedy Center in Washington during the American Bicentennial celebration. The present exhibit is not only twice as large, but far more diverse in content. It would be a sad commentary on American interest in opera if this exhibit were to be returned to Milan without having been seen in our own operatic centers. Although no such plan exists now, the joint effort of the Italian government, a group of American sponsors, and Alitalia could bring the exhibit to our shores by the time these words are printed. In any case, the show remains interesting, whether in La Scala's bicentennial year, or afterwards. ◉

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Compiled by

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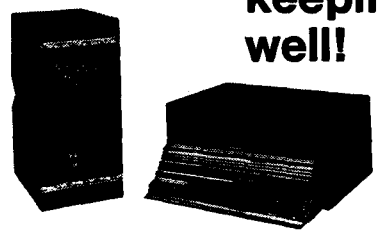

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Caught in the Thickets of Medieval History

A Distant Mirror:
The Calamitous 14th Century
by Barbara W. Tuchman
Knopf, 678 pp., $15.95

Reviewed by Ted Morgan

IN *A DISTANT MIRROR* Barbara Tuchman has applied the method that served her so well in *Stilwell and the American Experience in China*. She has chosen one person's life as the vehicle of her narrative, and, through him and around him, has given us an account of the second half of the 14th century. Alas, the knight and warrior she has chosen, Enguerrand de Coucy VII, is no 14th-century Stilwell, but a shadowy, secondary figure who found himself removed from the principal conflict of his time, the war between England and France. And, unlike the American involvement in China between 1911 and 1945, about which Mrs. Tuchman had something new to tell, she adds very little that has not been said before to our understanding of the 14th century, a notorious swamp for historians. Her gifts of clarity, synthesis, and narrative drive occasionally cut through the medieval thickets, but in the end the material defeats her. She labors mightily to give some shape to the disorders and to draw lessons from each event, but the reader is left feeling that this is a noble failure.

A further weakness of the book is that, in an apparent attempt to give greater relevance to a historical period of no immediate concern to the modern reader, she chooses to draw an analogy between the 14th century and our own time, which she calls a period of "similar disarray." This explains the title, for we are meant to see "in a distraught age whose rules were breaking down under the pressure of adverse and violent events" a reflection of ourselves. But except in the most general and banal terms—such as saying that we live in violent times, or do not live up to our ideals—these analogies are of doubtful value; and if they may be stated only in the broadest terms, any era can be compared to any other era. A common denominator can always be found, until finally the human species itself is replaced.

It takes a certain amount of audacity to pursue the analogy and draw parallels between the Black Death of 1348–1350, which killed one-third of Europe's population, and the possibility of nuclear holocaust in the 20th century. The Black Death took place, whereas the nuclear holocaust has yet to occur. The Black Death was a disease carried by rats and fleas, whereas nuclear armaments are the product of man-made technology. The Black Death was seen as the wrath of God, as divine punishment for the sins of mankind, but the nuclear danger is a deliberate achievement of science. If a nuclear holocaust destroys the planet, it would be an example of man being done in by his own genius.

The analogy made between 14th-century violence and violence today is equally misleading. The distinguishing feature of knighthood, as Mrs. Tuchman points out, was individual prowess. It was the age of hand-to-hand combat and a warrior class of nobles. This ruling elite, led by the king, did the actual fighting. King John II of France was captured at the Battle of Poitiers in 1356. Also captured or killed in that battle were the constable (the highest-ranking officer), two marshals, the bearer of the oriflamme, one archbishop, 13 counts, five viscounts, 21 barons and bannerets, and 2,000 assorted knights and squires. These men fought as much for personal honor as for a cause.

Perhaps the start of the modern era dates from that moment in history when political decision-making was separated from military command on the field of battle, and rulers who started wars no longer fought in them. One might wish that the 14th century *was* a mirror, and that President Sadat and Prime Minister Begin would lead their armies into the Sinai Desert. The spectacle of chiefs of state at the head of their troops must have been deeply satisfying to the common man. But mass conscription replaced the knightly code and ever since, men who do not know one another have killed one another for the benefit of men who know one another and do not kill one another. For much of the 14th century it was the other way round.

A Distant Mirror focuses on France, where, indeed, the 14th century was not a happy time. Whereas England was formed as a nation, the French kings ruled an area perhaps half the size of modern-day France and were still extending their domain. The English occupied Normandy on and off,

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and the king of England's claim that he was king of France led to the period of intermittent warfare known as the Hundred Years War (1337–1453). Aside from the war, there were the plague, the erosion of the authority of the church and a papal schism, peasant uprisings, rebellions in Paris, intrigues in the royal family, the rise of gangs of mercenaries known as free companies, the decadence of chivalry, a breakdown in public morality, and the general misery of the common man.

Mrs. Tuchman covers these dismal events with the help of her knight, Enguerrand de Coucy. Since he was born in 1340 and died in 1397, his life span is more or less the same as the period that concerns her. Coucy was a large landowner and a baron, whose job it was to fight when needed. He started at the age of 15, against the English, and at 18 took part in the repression of rebellious peasants, hanging them from trees.

When he was 20, Coucy went to England and remained there for five years. In 1365, he married the eldest daughter of the king of England, Isabella, a capricious woman who had jilted a previous suitor and was now past her prime. At 33, she was eight years older than her husband. In a time when it was common for women to marry at 14, a woman of 33 was middle-aged. According to the 14th-century chronicler Ranulph Higden, Isabella fell in love with Coucy.

What Coucy's motives may have been in marrying a woman almost a decade older than himself who was the daughter of France's greatest enemy, we are not told. What part ambition and personal gain in the form of English estates that were returned to him had to play we are left only to guess at. Even Jean Froissart, whom Mrs. Tuchman often quotes, is silent on this point.

Froissart, the best-known chronicler of the period, usually had good things to say about Coucy, who was one of his patrons. Coucy gave him bags of florins and once tried to obtain for him an ecclesiastical office in Lille. Froissart was not about to bite the hand that fed him, and often made flattering mention of Coucy. But many modern historians do not consider Froissart reliable. His accounts are personal and subjective, revealing his bias for the established order of his time. He was also frequently inaccurate about events to which he was not an eyewitness. As a rule, the chroniclers of the period repeated what they saw, heard, and overheard, without going into motivation or analysis, which is why Coucy remains one-dimensional. We are told what he did, but we never know why. We never hear his authentic voice, for he comes to us wrapped in the garlands and laurels heaped upon him by family historians and court chroniclers. As a narrative thread, he too often breaks or unravels.

While Coucy was at the English court, Charles V ("the Wise") took power in France and initiated widespread reforms. He took steps to restore the stability of the coinage and get rid of the free companies. He strengthened royal authority, built a powerful navy, and instituted fiscal reforms. He established the royal library and embellished the Louvre. With the great commander Du Guesclin leading his army, he almost pushed the English out of France.

In this great enterprise Coucy took no part. Barred by his marriage from a leading role in his country's affairs, he remained neutral, and managed to stay on good terms with the French and the English. He kept a foot in both camps until 1377, when it became clear that, thanks to Charles V's leadership, France was winning the war. It was only then, and after the death of his father-in-law, King Edward III of England, that he formally repudiated his English allegiance, parted with his wife and his English lands, and chose France.

In the meantime, he had earned a military reputation on expeditions to Austria and Switzerland, fighting on France's eastern flank. His absence was a virtue, for he was uncontaminated by court intrigue. When the great Du Guesclin died, Coucy was offered the position of constable, which he turned down. Again, we are not told whether he felt inadequate to the job, or did not want to become embroiled in the life of the palace, or was simply lacking in ambition.

Coucy continued to serve on many fronts, and fought as a captain or commander in a total of 11 campaigns. He was sent to treat with the Maillotin rebels who controlled Paris, and on diplomatic missions to Pope Clement VII, the Count of Flanders, and the Queen of Aragon. He appears to have been talented as both warrior and negotiator.

But he was also a member of a class that was becoming obsolete, the knights who continued to insist on the often-breached chivalric principles and on personal prowess, and who learned

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nothing from their defeats.

In her accounts of Coucy's last two campaigns, in Tunisia and Bulgaria, Mrs. Tuchman rises above her material to show us what she can do at her best. The spectacle of these armored knights venturing far from their homelands for the vainglorious reason of conquering the Infidels is history to make the gods weep.

In July 1390, a Franco-Genoese force of 5,000, including Coucy, sailed to the shores of Tunisia to lay siege to the Berber sultan in his fortress of Mahdia. The expedition was a fiasco. They could not take the fortress, and Coucy returned to France (Mrs. Tuchman offers as an explanation the knight's fear of long cold winter nights, but this cannot have been the case on the Mediterranean shores of Tunisia, famed as a winter resort).

Instead of writing the Tunisian fiasco off to experience, Coucy departed six years later on an even more ambitious expedition, this time against the Ottoman sultan Bajazet. The battle took place at Nicopolis, a fortress on the Danube in Bulgaria, where the knights in their 55 pounds of plate armor were defeated by the more mobile Turkish *sipahis* (cavalry). This time Coucy was taken prisoner by the Infidels he despised. Conditions were harsh, and in 1397 he died in Brusa, the Ottoman capital of Asia, at the age of 56, a casualty of his illusions.

In summing up Coucy's importance for his time, Mrs. Tuchman rather astonishingly compares him with George Washington. "In that steadiness, sagacity, and competence, and in commanding the respect and trust of all associated," she writes, "he had many of the qualities of George Washington, short of leadership, which needs a cause to call it forth." She sees Coucy as "a whole man in a fractured time."

Having picked Coucy as her central figure, Mrs. Tuchman must make the most of him. But from the evidence that the reader is given, Coucy was curiously ambivalent, fractured in his loyalties between France and England. He was indecisive, refusing leadership when it was offered. A typical product of his class, he was one of the last feudal lords to free his serfs. He loved war, mindlessly setting forth on the futile expedition that brought about his imprisonment and death. That any resemblance could be found between this man and George Washington compels one to say, Come back, Barbara Tuchman, come back to the 20th century. ◉

Ted Morgan is the author of On Becoming American.

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Midlife Writing

Facts of Life
by Maureen Howard
Little, Brown, 182 pp., $8.95

Lying Low
by Diane Johnson
Knopf, 288 pp., $8.95

Tender Mercies
by Rosellen Brown
Knopf, 288 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Katha Pollitt

WHY IS IT THAT praise for one woman is so often accompanied by a dismissal of women in general? "There have always been books for ladies by ladies," writes Lillian Hellman on the jacket of Maureen Howard's memoirs. "Then, in the last years, we had the female sexual dinosaurs. Now in a more fortunate period, we are finally getting good books that could only have been written by women." Good books by women, of course, are hardly unique to the current publishing season—one thinks of Lillian Hellman herself—or even this century, and I vote that we stop being so surprised whenever a woman produces a book that is not faddish or genteel. It may even be time to stop inspecting a book's entrails for proof that only a woman could have written it: From a certain point of view, after all, the only person who could have written any book is the one who did so. Certainly these three books have no common theme, tone, point of view, or style that can be laid at the door of sex. What links them is the straightforward fact that each comes from the mid-career of an accomplished writer, and that all are extremely good.

I can understand why a friend of mine groaned when I told him that Maureen Howard's reminiscences centered on her childhood in Bridgeport, Connecticut: Life in that grim and prosaic city is a pretty daunting subject. But as readers of her novels know, Howard cannot be grim or prosaic for two seconds. The first page introduces the author's mother, Loretta Kearns, and her habit of quoting little tags of verse—"Ah, did you once see Shelley plain," she quips as they watch Jasper McLevy, "the famed Socialist mayor of Bridgeport," getting out of his Model A. Loretta was a rich girl, heiress to an asphalt fortune and the big ugly stucco mansion that went with it, until she ran off with rakish Bill Kearns and was promptly disinherited. Or so went the family myth, as delivered to Maureen

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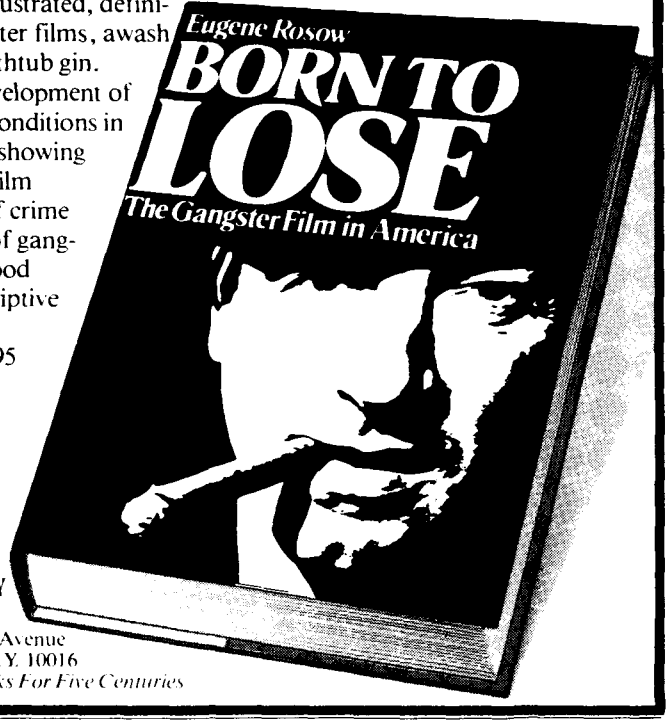

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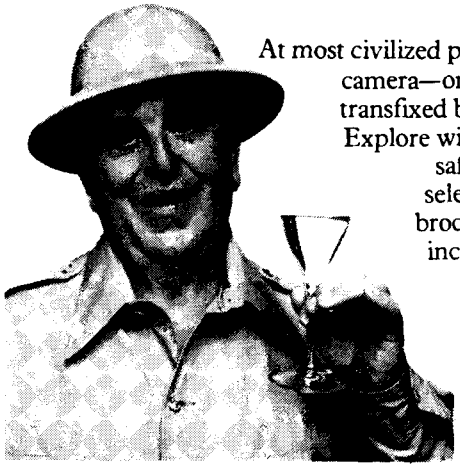

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and her brother in the cramped little cottage where Loretta led what she considered a Bohemian life, insisting it was fun to do all the housework herself.

Against the artistic tastes of "fey, fragmented" Loretta is set the bluff jeering of her husband: "That ballet you're taking them to, Mother, will it have all those little men dancing around displaying their private parts?" Charming, self-dramatizing Bill Kearns, former star choirboy and seminarian with a real gift for languages, should have been a lawyer or a worldly priest; instead he became a detective.

The facts of life, as Howard sees them, are three—culture, money, and sex—and how her parents shaped her adult attitudes in these matters is the central concern of these witty and vivid memoirs. But others also had their say, and *Facts of Life* is packed with sharply drawn sketches: a rich hack writer and her dandified husband, who took a fancy to little Maureen and whisked her off to their estate for elaborate weekends that reeked of condescension and literary corruption; a middle-aged faculty wife who lent to Howard a notebook containing a lifetime of story ideas—eight paragraphs.

If *Facts of Life* has a flaw it is that it is not a novel. Howard's people have the vitality of fictional characters, and her efforts to use them to explain her own life sometimes diminishes them. A moving description of her mother's senility—surrounded in the end by the wealth she had rejected, Loretta washed dollar bills in the sink because they seemed so dirty—is followed by Howard's own confession that "I declare myself to be absolutely sane in the matter of paying bills." The central revelation of her memoir is not self-knowledge but a climax straight out of a novel: Her mismatched parents did indeed love each other, and the poverty in which they reared their children was a fantasy they had invented, two grownups playing house in the shadow of the mansion Loretta always knew would someday be hers.

Diane Johnson's last novel, *The Shadow Knows*, was a funny and oddly disquieting book about a bedraggled young woman to whom more and more alarming things happen as she becomes more and more inclined to let life wash over her. *Lying Low* goes a step further and presents us with a whole boarding house full of waifs. In the grand old mansion of their childhood, a lone Victorian remnant perched above the highway in a dusty, plastic California college town, live an aging sister and brother: Theo, a timid and egocentric liberal do-gooder, and misanthropic Anton, a famous nature photographer. Their boarders are hardly better equipped to handle the complexities of late-Seventies California: Ouida, a young Brazilian, has come to the United States in search of a wider destiny, losing her passport in the process; quiet, beautiful Lynn never gets mail and only goes out after dark, and for good reason: Lynn—her real name is Marybeth— took part in a radical bombing that resulted in a death.

Out of these characters, Diane Johnson has spun a wry tale that begins in Theo's exaggerated "cosmic" grief over a dead chicken and ends in a horrible conflagration. Under its Indian cottons and food co-ops, Orris, California, turns out to be a pretty grim place: Ouida's outdoor fiesta is invaded by sidewalk hawkers; the next-door neighbors may look like hang-loose grad students, but the apple-plum jelly they are endlessly decanting into Mason jars is actually explosives.

I wish Diane Johnson had kept her canvas small, a comedy or tragicomedy of manners for our decade of extreme political bewilderment. Ouida is perfect, for instance, eternally puzzled by the strange ways of the immigration service, the motor vehicle department, and Mr. Griggs, the black man who wants, sometimes, to marry her. When Johnson aims for a grander drama, though, she is not convincing. For one thing, Marybeth is too simple: Although the journalistic bromide of the Seventies is indeed that you never can tell when that sweet homey girl next door will turn into a Marx-spouting terrorist, one doesn't expect a novelist to confess a similar bafflement about someone she has, after all, made up. It's impossible to believe that the gentle, incredibly naïve Marybeth—who is shocked when Ouida, a bona fide citizen of the Third World, admits she prefers white people—was ever "articulate, aflame." The end, too, seems a failure of imagination, an apocalypse produced ex machina so that we all get the point about the violence that smolders beneath the American surface. Like the rape at the end of *The Shadow Knows*, it is obvious and out of scale: The four daydreaming misfits in their anachronistic house tell us all we need to know about the larger society.

A surprising number of novels these days seem to end in what the blurb-writers like to call "an orgy of violence." It is as though, now that we no longer believe that characters can live happily ever after, writers have to obliterate them in order to bring their stories to a close. Rosellen Brown's new book is about the healing that can follow the violence. For the Coursers, a happily married couple with two children and lots of plans for the future, the violence was a moment of careless bravado when Dan caused a boating accident that left Laura paralyzed from the neck down. Almost a year later, when the hospitals have done their part, Dan and Laura come home to New Hampshire to face his guilt and her anger, emotional pain as profound as Laura's immobility, and, it sometimes seems, as permanent. With immense sensitivity, Brown weaves the frightening new realities with the long-standing pressures of marriage: Laura's aloofness, slumped in her wheelchair, reminds Dan of her family's disapproval of him—when they met he had been a rural rakehell and she a rich Wellesley girl; she sees his blundering efforts to express his continued desire for her as a willful ignoring of her helplessness.

Laura and Dan's delicate feeling-out of each other is at the center of this extraordinarily beautiful and moving novel, but they are not the only people to be affected by their tragedy. There are the well-wishers: friends who are terrified of saying the wrong thing when the real problem is that they can't even look at Laura; the local news vendor, whose way of showing his sympathy is to refuse to let Dan pay for his paper. And the ill-wishers: a local reporter whose idea of probing journalism is to ask Laura if she feels her life is worth living; doctors too busy for a patient like Laura, who will never have a miracle cure, and briskly callous nurses—"No one is light enough. If she had *wings* they'd rot," a smiling nurse tells Dan as she explains the function of Laura's air mattress.

What impresses one most about *Tender Mercies* is its dignity and restraint. While we learn a great deal about the physical details of paralysis, catheters, and such, Brown makes no case for any horror of the body, nor does Laura's suffering prompt a garish loathing of the universe. Along with the Coursers' grief for lost gaiety and rage at the present goes a search for what can be salvaged from the wreckage. Their story has none of the self-consciousness or histrionics that have marred Brown's fiction in the past. The language is spare and clean, with flashes of quiet poetry, perfectly suited to the plain but by no means simple New Englanders it portrays. Brown, who has written two volumes of poetry, a collection of short stories, and a novel, seems to have found herself. ◉

Katha Pollitt is a critic and poet.

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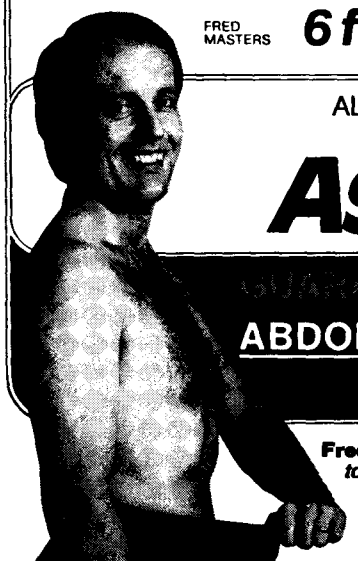

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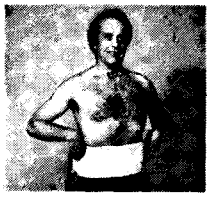

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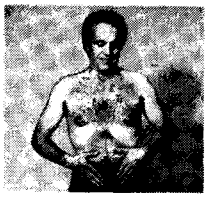

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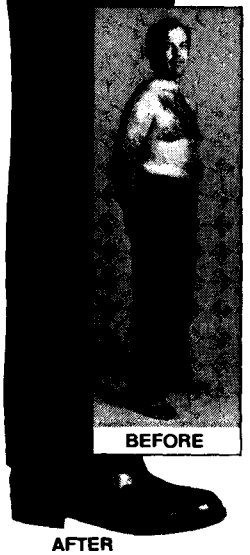

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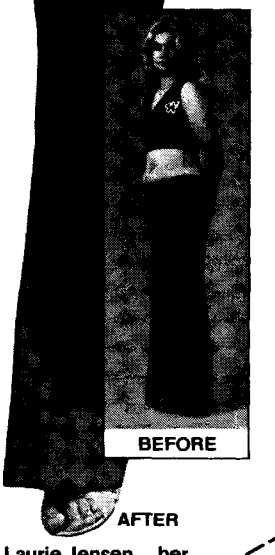

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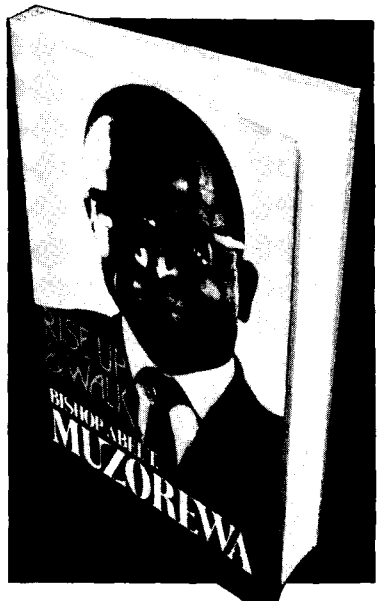

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Sontag's Surrender

I, etcetera
by Susan Sontag
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 256 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by
Maureen Howard

SUSAN SONTAG'S collection of short fiction, *I, etcetera*, is a pleasure to read—inventive, witty, intelligent, of course—but a pleasure. I repeat myself to ward off the frowns of skeptical readers who will not quite believe that the author of *Against Interpretation, Styles of Radical Will, On Photography,* and *Illness as Metaphor*, our most celebrated woman intellectual, can let go of her arguments and give herself to the mode of fiction. The best stories in *I, etcetera* do show this surrender to imaginative language, a release of her amazing articulateness into a taut, richly associative prose style.

The first piece, "Project for a Trip to China," explores the possibilities of the travel book, while mocking the need for such limp reportage:

> Myrna Loy China, *Turandot* China. Beautiful, millionaire Soong sisters from Wellesley and Wesleyan & their husbands. A landscape of jade, teak, bamboo, fried dog.

It reads like background material, a listing of what we know before we submit to experience, amusing but lightweight, unless like Sontag's voyager in these searching notebook entries we ask ourselves the hard questions—"The conception of this trip is very old. First conceived when? ... A trip that might ease a private grief?"—and come up with answers that are equally hard, reaching into our past, our "real" experience in an exhausting journey, a self-exploration:

> Somewhere, some place inside myself, I am detached. I have always been detached (in part). Always.
> —Oriental detachment?
> —pride?
> —fear of pain?
> With respect to pain, I have been ingenious.

The China of geography books, old movies, and easy myths (before and after Mao) fades, so "Project for a Trip to China" is really about the known and the unknown. Here travel is an extended metaphor that takes in the emotional baggage we carry with us. The inability to know all that is foreign to us leads finally to our inevitable dependence upon imagination and literature.

A quick gloss of what I believe to be Sontag's intention in this opening story makes "Project" seem overly conceptual as though the bridge to fiction has not been crossed, but Sontag brings it off with a voice that is bright, restless, self-conscious, diverting—a disembodied voice that becomes, through its rummaging of history, private notions, and personal effects, an appealing human voice. Here, and in the final story, "Unguided Tour" (about a trip to Europe that is taken), I felt that I was at first a willing, then an enchanted member of her audience, much as I might be in the theater, played to by an accomplished actress.

There are interesting misses in this collection, playful but over-explicit exercises in the modern: In "The Dummy," a man produces a replica of himself in order that he may be free of his life; in "Old Complaints Revisited," a woman is trapped in a mysterious allegiance to an organization that has limited and conditioned her responses. In these less successful stories I detect ideas for fictions too flatly stated by Sontag. They read as would Borges's "The Lottery in Babylon" or "Emma Zunz" if completely spelled out rather than yielding to the reader what Borges has called "that imminence of a revelation that does not occur."

On the other hand, "Doctor Jekyll," a tale that I thought might prove too arch and academic—being a rewrite of the famous Robert Louis Stevenson story—is rich in detailed invention, turning the pre-Freudian myth of uncontrollable forces within its hero into a delightful post-Freudian romp. Thus, Utterson, the staid lawyer who uncovers the good Dr. Jekyll's secret with measured narrative discretion, becomes a trendy therapist who operates out of an Oyster Bay mansion turned institution and Mr. Hyde, "that child of hell," is merely a soiled hippie whose credentials for the criminal life are a slummy, neglected childhood. Sontag's focus in her version of the story is upon Dr. Jekyll's relation to Utterson (they are united by an invisible cord), while his relation to Hyde is seen as more banal, just the romantic desire for a release from his ordinary life. The doctor's fall from middle-class grace is occasioned not so much by his desire to lead the roustabout life of Hyde as by his need to break with the manipulative ideas of Utterson. It is the hero's claim to freedom from the narrator—"Jekyll seeks the energy to live out his own acts"—but alas, he is a feckless do-good liberal, dependent upon the crass vitality of Utterson. Poor Jekyll, he cannot successfully do away with Hyde and ends up in prison for *attempted*

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murder with this last line: "Oh, Freedom.... Don't speak to me about freedom."

Clearly Susan Sontag is involved in aesthetics here. "Doctor Jekyll" is a literary piece, but her zany retelling of the Stevenson story is powerfully funny with even the minor characters (or counters) appearing in updated cameo performances. Now, if Woody Allen had written this sustained jape, there would be a general rejoicing, but Sontag, as an intellectual, may be disparaged. Sontag's second novel, *Death Kit* (1976), was grudgingly admired for its themes—again freedom, guilt, the lackluster nature of modern will—but was then put aside, unfairly, for being modish. It wasn't the ideas that were intimidating in *Death Kit* but the talent, and it seemed to most critics at the time that Sontag's political and philosophical concerns must necessarily dominate her fiction, drain it of life. It's simply not so: The writing is vigorous, the plot highly imaginative. *Death Kit*, like many of the stories in *I, etcetera*, is about the endless and insane demands put upon us to choose coherence and life over chaos and death.

"Baby," a comic account of a precocious American kid as told by his parents to a psychiatrist, is hilarious, exaggerated yet accurate in getting down the lingo of an embarrassed liberalism that saps the mother and father of all moral force, making them passive, fearful cartoon figures. A child of the age, Baby is killed off by indulgence and understanding. It's obvious that over the years while Sontag has been writing essays, she's been listening.

In "Unguided Tour," the most suggestive and beautifully accomplished story in the collection, Sontag's ear is more than accurate. It is affectionate. She embraces our language and the accumulation of our culture: "No souvenirs, thanks. Let's stay with the real thing." She hears everything—echoes of dead rhetoric; glorious clichés that deaden our response to castles, sunsets, bays—and hears everywhere an elevation of the daily commonplace in the grand tour that must never end:

Everything. —then I won't have seen everything before it disappears.

Everywhere. I've been everywhere. I haven't been everywhere, but it's on my list.

Land's end. But there's water, O my heart. And salt on my tongue.

The end of the world. This is not the end of the world.

Not yet, not while Susan Sontag writes home. ◉

Maureen Howard's Facts of Life *has recently been published by Little, Brown.*

FINE PRINT

Stoned Souls

by Doris Grumbach

ON THE LEISURELY evenings of this past summer and early fall, I have indulged my fondness for dipping into piles of new books and pulling out those that looked interesting. This report on the result of my adventures is about some of those that turned out to be interesting to read and worth keeping.

"The old pieties" are beautifully illustrated in *Souls in Stone: European Graveyard Sculpture* (Knopf, $7.95 paper), by photographer Anne de Brunhoff. How varied were our memorial statues to the dead! In this photographic study, we see work from the 19th and early 20th centuries, ranging from primitive forms to architectural fantasies to highly realistic representations. But the prevailing mode of this tombstone art is "public, epic," as Thomas Hess points out in his excellent introduction. It is traditional, in forms that embody "a sense of losses, in a way, appropriate to the funerary."

Much cemetery art is anonymous, but this work by unknown artists has influenced sculptors and painters like De Chirico, Magritte, and Rodin, as we are able to see in this volume. Some sculpture is surprisingly modern: a man in a business suit, his derby in hand, leaning against a doorjamb; a Drago family memorial by the sculptor Rivalta; an unidentified bas-relief of a young man in a snap-brim hat, a burning cigarette hanging from his lips, the collar of his overcoat turned up.

There are, of course, the usual quota of angels in these works, some of them quite exceptional. Several of the sculptures are highly imaginative: a gruesome disembodied arm, its hand holding a flower and reaching out of the tomb; another unidentified sculpture of a skeleton lying on its sepulcher. To me, the most moving piece is a statue of an elderly couple, Charles Pigeon and his wife, she lying down but awake in their bed, he fully dressed, propped up on his elbow beside her.

A word about Anne de Brunhoff's photographs: They are fine, the products of the careful use of filters, with the added charm of what Hess calls "the fuzziness of benign neglect" of the cemetery stones themselves. This book does exactly what a book of photographs on a single subject ought to do: With its beauty and its instruction it enlarges our peripheral vision.

Kept in the Dark (1882) was Anthony Trollope's last novel. Published in installments in *Good Words*, an English popular magazine, it is unlike the large chronicle novels Trollope is known for. Now Dover Publications, the redoubtable reprint house, has done the original justice by reproducing it exactly as it first appeared (at the low price of $2.50 in paper). In this slight, few-characteered novel, we are given an early and absorbing portrait of a 19th-century feminist, Francisca Altifiorla.

The story is simple. Cecilia Holt, the loyal, generous, long-suffering heroine, breaks her engagement to the miscreant Sir Francis Geraldine because he is clearly a bounder. She marries Mr. Western, a fine, upstanding fellow—a

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good match, as they used to say. The rest of the plot is contained in the title. For a series of rather foolish reasons, Cecilia keeps Mr. Western in the dark about Sir Francis, thus providing her upright, rigid husband with ample reason for leaving her, and us with an unconvincing plot.

But Dover's making this slender volume available is justified by the character of Miss Altifiorla, who is for a while Cecilia's bosom friend and a woman who professes strongly feminist views of marriage: She writes to her friend on hearing of her planned marriage to Mr. Western:

> ... he is autocratic and self-opinioned. It is his future life, and not yours, of which he is thinking, his success and not yours, his doings and not your doings.... The ways of the world allow such privileges to men....To be a man's toy and then his slave, with due allowance for food and clothes, suffices for them. But I had dreamed a dream that it would not suffice for you. Alas, alas! I stand alone now in the expression of my creed.

Of course the outcome is as we expect. Trollope has his revenge on the militant reformer. He allows her to be deceived into thinking she will be able to capture Sir Francis. Having abandoned her convictions for the prospect of rank, power, and money, Miss Altifiorla then finds he will not marry her. But she is stalwart. After she recovers, she returns to her cause.

Cecilia, on the other hand, happily reunited with her husband, has discovered the real truth about married life: "He had a right to command, a right to be obeyed, a right to be master. He had a right to know all the secrets of her heart, and to be offended when one so important had been kept from him."

A fine piece of period fiction containing valuable views on Victorian life and mores.

One of the real pleasures of my summer was discovering a writer named Robert Bernen. He is an American who went to Ireland in 1970, settling in Donegal within sight of deep blue hills known as the Blue Stacks. He raised sheep, frequented the local pub, grew to know and reverence his hard-working peasant neighbors, and came to respect and admire the pre-modern ways of their lives. His book of stories, *Tales From the Blue Stacks* (Scribner's, $8.95), can only be described as elegant and finely wrought. The tales are written with rare, classic restraint, and they tell of a life that is slowly passing away in Ireland. Bernen writes: "The aim here has been to preserve a true picture of some aspects of Blue Stack life at the moment of its final disappearance and as it fades into the modern world around it."

Sometimes Bernen himself appears in the tale,as when he tellsof his experiences in "The Thatched Byre" and his purchase of a strange "Yellow Dog." But more often his hero is Peadar Kennedy, a lonely, skillful, hard-working farmer who tracks a dog that is killing his sheep in "Marauder." Or the retarded Eamon, who is hired to bury a dead donkey and who later is convinced that the animal has come to life again. Sometimes, as in "Joe's Return" and in "The Fence," Bernen writes about the return to the Blue Stacks of a native who has long been away in a city, or of a Brooklyn Irishman who brings his wife back to the old country, determined to "experience the past as it really was."

Every word Bernen writes seems accurate, suitable, and telling. We become willing partners to his re-creation of a dying way of life. For long stretches of time, we are unaware that anything stands between us and the "true picture" Bernen has so ably and economically painted.

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PLEASURES

Can the U.S. Play Soccer With the Big Boys?

by Jonathan Evan Maslow

I DIDN'T CARE much for the way Argentina won the World Cup this year. For one thing, the whole affair seemed fixed: The Argentine team needed a four-goal spread to make the finals and then just happened to crush the previously adept Peruvian team 6-0. Of course, I'm not the first to suggest that Peru took a dive. The South American press ran red with charges of foul play, particularly after it came to light that the Peruvian goalie was a native son of Argentina. Perhaps he still had relatives in Buenos Aires, always a useful pressure point.

Worse than the dubious victory on the field, however, was the way Argentina mixed nationalism with sports in its feverish pursuit of the championship. The matches had the air of a 1930s fascist rally, the violence never far beneath the surface. Opposition players and referees were clearly intimidated by the howling mobs of *Estadio Río de la Plata*; and that bit about Argentina displaying the new "Latin" style of soccer—to discredit the moribund "European" style used by the Dutch in the finals—smacked of sleazy chauvinism; it was as though General Jorge Videla and his boys had fashioned the tournament to justify their policies of torture, repression, and anti-Semitism. It reminded me that the World Cup is the most politicized of all sports events, more so than the Olympic games, which is the athletic equivalent of out-and-out war.

But I suppose that if this is what the Cup has come to, Americans will have to either abstain or abide. In the immortal words of Emperor Butz, "You no play-a da game, you no make-a da rules." And we hardly play World Cup soccer, at least as of this writing. As for the U.S. National Team, it must learn to crawl before it advances to kneeing groins and fixing matches. Actually, unless you tuned in on the shortwave, you probably had no idea the U.S. even fielded a team at the World Cup, so successful was the domestic media's ignoring of the U.S. team.

For the record, our boys went down to a humiliating 3-0 defeat by Canada and consequently did not make the next round, which determined the qualifiers for the championship matches in Argentina. Our World Cup debacle had the air of a foreign military adventure carried out by the friends of Eddie Coyle. The fatal game took place January 1977, in the malnutritious and corrupting atmosphere of Port-au-Prince, Haiti. Perhaps symbolically, the U.S. National Team Captain Al Trost, the best soccer player the U.S. has thus far seen fit to produce, awoke match morning with a horrible case of Montezuma's revenge.

"We were watching everything we ate in the hotel and all," Trost told me recently, "but I picked up some kind of bug. I could hardly get out of bed, I felt finished. I never should have tried to play." Woozy, the American captain valiantly appeared on the field—long enough to tip into the American goal the rebound from a Canadian free kick, giving the Canadians a 1-0 lead. At halftime, Trost staggered to the locker room lavatory, where he stayed for the remaining 45 minutes of American participation in the 1978 World Cup. That was time enough for Canada to score a neat counterattack goal against the Americans, frantic and flailing without Trost. An insultingly easy free kick with 10 seconds left ended the scoring. "To this day," says Trost, "I swear I'll never return to Haiti."

The U.S. team retreated to the mainland, heads hung extremely low, and its members rejoined their North American Soccer League (NASL) clubs. Word has since gone out, however, that, with the soccer boom upon us, we are going to take the World Cup more seriously from now on. The days of innocents abroad are over; we won't tolerate another embarrassment in the 1982 Cup matches, which actually get under way in the fall of 1980, when the American team takes on Canada and Mexico in the North American geographical subgroup.

Toward this better day, the U.S. National Team is regrouping this month for a 21-day European tour. The road trip comes at the end of the American pro soccer season, when the U.S. players should be at their most physically fit, and thus when international competition should be less one-sided. Coach Walt Chyzowych, who took over the U.S. program in 1975, is credited with imposing the first organizational structure on American national soccer efforts. A budding soccer power must develop a system to identify young talent and nurture it along. Chyzowych has gotten his staff coaches to recruit and train three "juvenile" teams (under-21, under-19, and 16-year-olds), which should prove an invaluable resource for the years to come. In addition, the coach has lined up some corporate backers for the U.S. team, and his handling of the players is said to be first rate.

Still, I believe I hear sniggers from the craven Scots, the wily Germans, the clever Italians, the roughneck Poles, and the brash Latins. It is a fact known here and abroad that the majority of U.S. national squad members do not play first string on their own NASL clubs. "We took a poll among U.S. National Team members," reports National Team and New York Cosmos fullback Bobby Smith, "and the thing that's hurting us most is that the majority of our team rides the benches in the league. If a guy's not playing during the regular season, then by the time the U.S. team gets together after the season, he's not in match fitness. Except for two or three teams, the NASL has all European coaches, and they have no confidence whatever in American soccer players. There's no commitment to the development of American players in the league."

Ironically, this lack of commitment to U.S. World Cup efforts seen by many American players stems from the same league rule the NASL offers as proud proof of its commitment to Americans.

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That rule, unique in professional sports, requires each NASL franchise to have a minimum of two American players on the field this year and next, three in 1980 and 1981. It emanates from the fact that prior to Pele's American conquest, most Americans had never encountered the odd, 32-faceted, black-and-white sphere known as a soccer ball, and few native sons knew what to do with one well enough to ask their fellow countrymen to pay for the privilege of watching them. If you have ever seen Americans play "association football," you'll agree on the following points. First, our best goalies are as good as any in the world. Second, our defenders are top notch; they're fearless about physical contact, and they have strong legs. Our midfielders, on the other hand, generally lack that strong sense of the flow of the game, and our offensive forwards are, well, dreadful—we haven't yet developed kids who've grown up with a soccer ball as an extension of the foot.

This lack of skillful ball handlers has helped engender the stampede of second-rate, semi-retired, and beer-bellied foreign footballers into the NASL. Ergo, the need for the protective two-American quota. On the other side, the gold rush has gotten so bad that England imposed a temporary freeze on British players jumping to the States. Protectionism and export freezes—it sounds as if we're headed for an international trade war in soccer players. Nevertheless, the transatlantic migration continues, much to the detriment of the incubating domestic products. "If a European player arrives overweight or over the hill, he's not going to ride the bench," explains Al Trost, a starting midfielder with the California Surfs. "He's going to play anyway because the coach has already paid out the big money for him and can't face the owner with the truth. The quota system may have been designed to protect American players, but it's too long and drawn out for our players to get the game experience necessary to develop."

Of course, seen from the crass commercial point of view, it's Giorgio Chinaglia, Franz Beckenbauer, Georgie Best, and Gordon Banks, aged as they are, who carry the Americans along by attracting soccer fans. Without foreign stars, the Americans wouldn't have a much greater chance to improve, because there wouldn't be a viable NASL. Moreover, the league maintains, the lot of American soccer players is improving all the time—a 38 percent gain over last year in American playing time, 100 Americans now playing regularly for the 24 franchises, and so forth.

"We are committed to developing American players for the World Cup selection," declares NASL Commissioner Phil Woosnam, "but you have got to remember that it's a question of time. It's just not enough for an American to say at 22, 'I'm ready.' It's what goes on between 16 and 22 that counts. The fact is that, because of inexperience, American 22-year-olds are comparable to the 17-year-olds in other countries. Faced with this, the league is interested in developing reserve teams, like baseball's double A or triple A leagues."

But there are problems with remanding young American soccer talent to the minor leagues. One is that the players won't improve as quickly playing against each other as they do playing against the foreigners. Another is that the American players eligible for reserve team competition are mainly college-age, and colleges mostly forbid their soccer mavens from playing in semipro leagues or for pro reserve teams. Before it all gets too complicated, maybe we better just hire General Videla to straighten out the lines of authority.

What it finally comes down to is finding a way to provide the U.S. National Team members with playing experience and cohesiveness as a team. Two years ago, Canada chanced on a simple enough method when five members of the Canadian National Team also happened to form the nucleus of the NASL Vancouver Whitecaps, coached by Canadian National coach Eckhard Krauston. Playing together in the pro season, then touring as a national team, the Canadians developed into a unit nearly capable of qualifying for the Cup matches. Something similar might be done in the U.S., if a financial backer could be found to buy up the contracts of several American team players and set them up as a new NASL franchise, with Walt Chyzowych as coach. Any takers?

But as Canadian National Team member and Vancouver Whitecap Sam Lenarduzzi reminded me, the Canadian team-Whitecaps connection was an organic bond, not a quick fix for a weak World Cup entrant. "We were on both the Canadian National Team and the Whitecaps because we came from the Vancouver area to begin with, and here there's always been a deep soccer heritage," says Lenarduzzi. "More Canadians than Americans play regularly in the NASL for the same reason. We've had sixty or seventy thousand kids in our juvenile programs for years, whereas soccer is just starting in the U.S. That tradition gave us a definite edge in the World Cup games."

In the end, I'm afraid, it's a choice of either destabilizing the World Cup competition by covert operations or remaining patient—and periodically embarrassed—until we develop more experienced players for our national team. You don't get to push around the big boys overnight. ◉

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Chagall à son Goût

by Horace Sutton

IT HAS BECOME something of an unordained pilgrimage for voyagers possessed of predilections for the arts to make their way, when in the south of France, to the tiny village of St.-Paul-de-Vence, high above the frivolities of the Riviera. It isn't exactly a new idea since, despite the remote and surely—in those days—inaccessible location, the Ligurians got there first, the Phoenicians set upon them later, followed by the Romans, those irrepressible invaders who spread across ravine and rivulet in Europe with the pervasiveness of an ugly rumor.

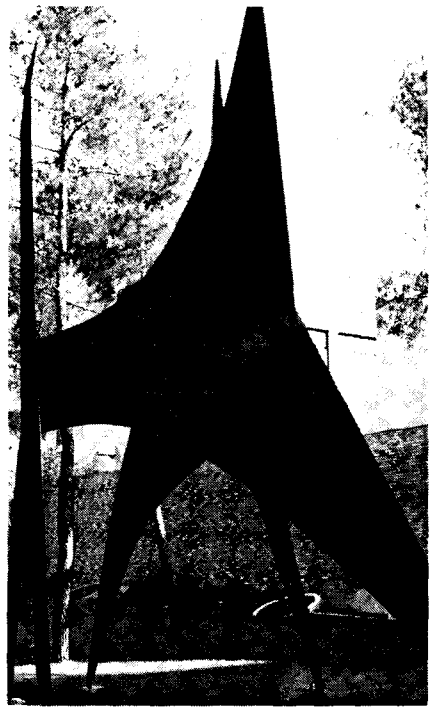
In any case, after centuries of intramural fractiousness—forts going up, forts going down—details of which I won't labor you, St.-Paul dozed within its surviving ramparts until—so the story goes—a certain Eva Blessington, the daughter of a British banker, arrived in 1873 with two of her English friends who, like her, had been sojourning in Cannes, and wrote home to Daddy as follows:

We have discovered an earthly paradise, it is a small village called Saint Paul. If I did not love you so much, I doubt whether I would return to the banks of the Thames.

Whether that tale, in its mannered prose, was constructed by the *syndicat d'initiative* or whether it is real is of little matter, for the painters began coming toward the end of World War I, and, feeling rather like Miss Blessington after her visit, encamped for good, turning the little town into a village of painters. One could hardly fault the setting, for the vistas from the edge of the ramparts take in snowcapped mountains in the distance, rolling hills studded with cypresses, and valleys where commercial nurserymen have built their oblong greenhouses, growing carnations to dispatch in winter to the flowerless cities of the north.

The tales of those who came, looked, and dropped everything to remake their lives in this tiny mountaintop settlement with its single street, far too narrow to take an automobile, are in long supply. But one ought to mention that of Paul Roux who waited until the middle of his life to reach for a brush. He opened the inn called Colombe d'Or which became a celebrated retreat for artists, many of

Courtesy of French Government Tourist Office



Calder at Maeght—"vying with the pines."

whom awarded Roux their works so that the place today is a museum that serves food and provides lodging. Moreover, it uplifts the soul, for at every turning the eye falls upon Utrillo, Matisse, Braque, Chagall, Picasso, Derain, Bonnard, and more. Braque's mosaic, flanked by cypress sentries, gladdens the area of the pool, while Léger graces the terraces where the tables are set up under white umbrellas when the Riviera sun shines.

It is the custom to knock the kitchen, but to admire the setting; contrarily, I admire both, having found agreeable servings that suit a summer Sunday in the country, all inscribed on huge, colorful menus. This sort of amenable arrangement has drawn not only the artists who still come and congregate at the olive-wood bar, but in time—so the Livre d'Or attests—the late painter, Winston Churchill; the late monarch, the Duke of Windsor; the actor Yves Montand; and Chagall and Picasso themselves.

In a way, Colombe d'Or has become such an indicated stop to so wide a coterie that one poolside suntanner the other day, with vast posterior acreage exposed to the Mediterranean sun, was absorbed in a copy of *Palm Springs Life*. At the tables, meanwhile, Lilliputian nuns, like scurrying munchkins on soundless roller skates, were making their way among the diners offering delicate sketches of St.-Paul. Across the road, the tireless players at *pétanque*, that French country version of boccie ball, or if you will, an unrefined edition of bowling on the green, were, with snippets of cigarettes stuck in the corners of their mouths, so deeply engrossed in the play they might not have stirred if a 100-piece military band had suddenly struck up the "Marseillaise."

One could linger contentedly through an afternoon in St.-Paul, browsing in the shops and galleries which are chivvied into niches in the old walls, dreaming over the landscapes that fall away in magnificence from the ramparts, sitting by the fountain that even Churchill stopped to paint, contemplating the old Roman church at the top of the village.

The mode dictates, however, that if one is to see all the artistic treasures in the environs, it is time to take the short ride to the splendid Maeght Foundation, an indoor-outdoor collection of sculpture and art, paintings, mosaics, and stabiles.

Maeght, so strange a name, was well known in French art circles. Aimé Maeght had been Chagall's dealer in the earliest days of World War I Paris. After World War II, when Chagall returned to France from enforced exile in America, Aimé Maeght surfaced with a gallery on the rue de Téhéran. While he was in New York, Chagall had used Pierre Matisse as his dealer, and at Pierre's suggestion Chagall decided to align himself with Maeght on his return to Europe.

The Fondation Maeght, which opened in 1964, was a gift of Aimé and Marguerite Maeght and functions as a splendid display case of contemporary art. The red-brick and red-tiled building, edged here and there in white and crowned by curving white troughs that look like the coifs of the nuns who march across the pages of little Madeline, is the work of José Luis Sert who is also responsible for a contemporary art center in Barcelona.

Calder's stabiles are implanted in the emerald grass, vying for attention with the pines. Giacometti's malnourished iron pedestrians march across the tiled

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courtyard. Braque's white pigeon flies across a purple *paysage* in the tiny chapel where the afternoon light falls on the Christ figure. In an arbor of pines tied with poison bags to keep off the rodents, Pol Bury's tubular mobile rises as the water fills the silver cylinders, then falls as the flow dribbles through the apertures. It could mesmerize the onlooker until closing time. (The Maeght Foundation held a Giacometti retrospective this fall with 116 paintings, drawings, and prints.)

Years ago, when the Maeght first opened, I arrived armed with a letter of introduction from Kostelanetz, who is Chagall's cousin, but in this nidus of creativity all that remained of Marc that day was his chipping hammer, a table, and the shards of a mosaic on which he had been working. The *maître* had flown to Paris.

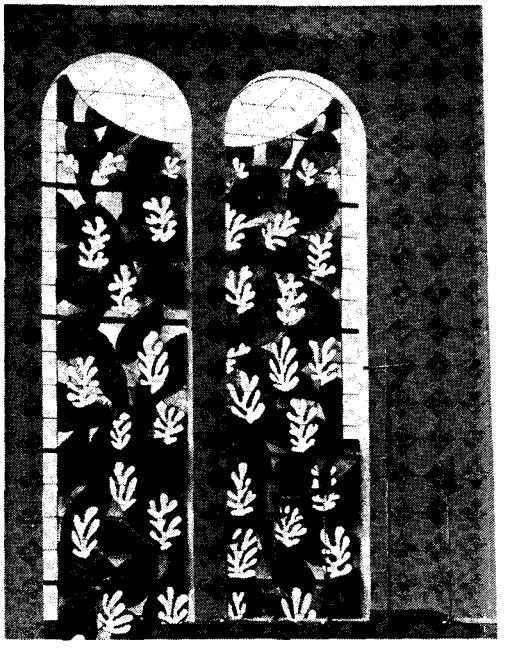
As Sidney Alexander recounts in his fascinating new biography of Chagall, the artist lived for years at Les Collines in Vence. Even then he had ideas for creating a large religious repository of paintings and he had his eye on a stucco chapel which was no longer being used.

But the bishopric in Nice seemed to delay him, and besides, Matisse had done a chapel in Vence and somehow Vence had become the city of Matisse. Ultimately Chagall picked up his easel and moved to St.-Paul.

There was no letter of introduction to Chagall on my visit this time, so we headed to Vence, being told all the way that, it being Sunday, and late in the afternoon at that, the Chapel of the Rosary would surely be closed. And so we picked among the streets until we saw its roof of white and blue tiles and its 42-foot-high cross decorated with its winsome crescents. Mary, Jesus, and Saint Dominic were on the fronton over the door, which stood open, beckoning.

Alexander, in his book, says that Chagall liked Matisse's chapel but had termed it "not for prayer." The stark black lines jump out from the pure white kitchen tiles. The altar is simplicity itself, a table, really, carved of stone from Rogne, which the Romans used when they launched the great aqueduct over the River Gard. Now comes Matisse at his most illustrative. The stained-glass windows glow lemony yellow, the light of the sun and of God; the bright green speaks of growing plants; and the ultramarine creates the sky of the Mediterranean. The colors change with the hour, the white walls functioning as a sort of canvas. "I want those entering my chapel to feel themselves purified and lightened of their burdens," Matisse once wrote. Matisse called it his masterpiece. "The culmination of a whole life dedicated to the search for truth."

Helene A



If Vence was considered—at least by Chagall—as Matisse's city, Matisse himself ended his days at Cimiez in Nice where, in his 90th year and ailing, he was visited several times by Chagall. The work which Chagall had intended for his chapel at Vence, only to be fended off by the ecclesiasts, was to find its way, of all places, to Nice in a splendid hall built for him by the French government on land offered by Nice on the Avenue du Docteur Menard and Boulevard de Cimiez. Officially it is the Musée National Message Biblique Marc Chagall.

Chagall was still in Russia when his biblical inspiration first surfaced. Ambroise Vollard, a Paris editor of note, approached him in 1930 to illustrate a book on the Bible that Vollard was pub-

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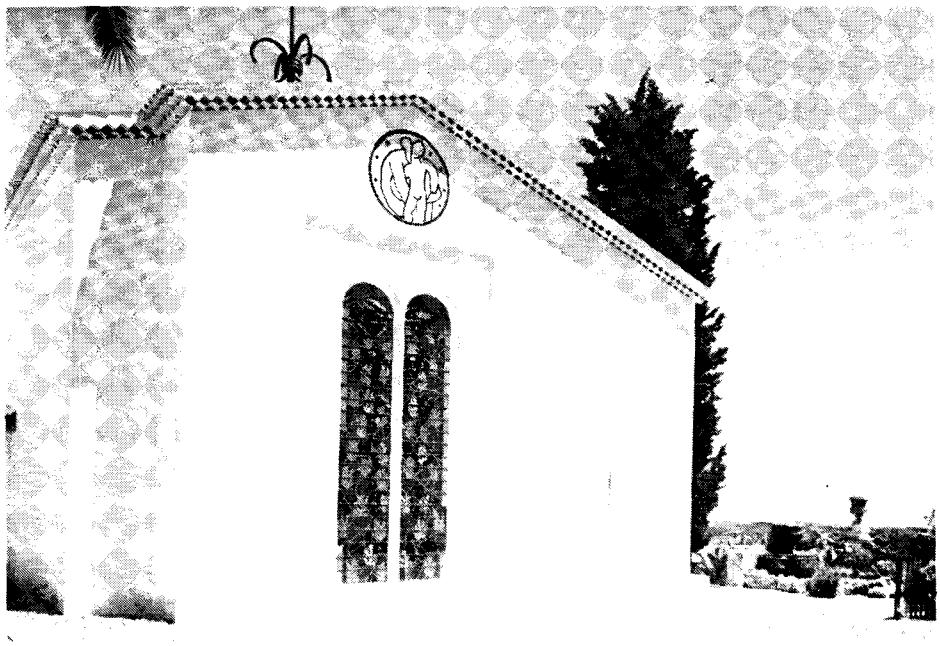
Courtesy of French Government Tourist Office

Chagall's version of Noah and the Rainbow, left, at the Message Biblique. Matisse's stained glass window, lower left, for his chapel at Vence, below—"If Vence was considered—at least by Chagall—as Matisse's city—Matisse himself ended his days at Cimiez, in Nice where he was visited several times by Chagall."



lishing. Chagall came up with 39 gouaches, but Vollard never published his book. The concept was picked up by another publisher 20 years later, and for this edition Chagall produced 150 copperplates as illustrations. The major works for the Message Biblique were begun in 1956.

Lavender bushes and hedges of rosemary line the walkways of Chagall's museum. The artist stipulated there be no other color. Indeed the rush of hues, the burst of paints that greet the visitors is overwhelming. Chagall, says the articulate guide, is a poet. He sees the Bible as a vision. Brilliant reds surround Abraham, and the color extends into the next painting to give a continuity to the tableaux. Seventeen enormous paintings capture the beholder, but as stunning as they are, they are only part of Chagall's gift to France, in all a total of 450 works, preparatory sketches, gouaches, lithographs, and ceramics. A huge mosaic covers an outside wall, set off by a reflection pool. A tapestry made by Gobelin hangs from a wall at the entranceway. A concert room, the first in a French museum, offers a running program of events.

Of his own national museum, Chagall has said:

> Perhaps young and less young people will come to this House seeking for an ideal of love and brotherhood such as my color and line have dreamed of.
>
> Perhaps, too, the love I feel for all men will be put into words here. Perhaps enmity will cease to exist here and, just as a mother gives birth to her child with love and suffering, so the young and less young will construct a world of love with new colors.
>
> And all, whatever their religion may be, will be able to come here and talk of this dream, far from all unkindness and provocation.

When the Foundation of the Biblical Message was started in 1969, Virginia McNeil, who had lived with Chagall for a dozen years and who had borne him a son, David, called it "an embracing mysticism which each individual would interpret according to his need."

Sidney Alexander, the biographer, visited David McNeil in Paris. On the walls of his apartment is what Alexander calls "the beautiful blue poster of the Nice Musée Biblique." It is a mix of blues and green through which a white angel, with the typical airy mysticism of Chagall, flies in tandem with a winged blue horse. Said David to Alexander, "I had to buy it." So did I. ◉

(This is the last of a series of articles on France which have appeared here in recent weeks.)

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Editorial: The Paradoxes of Lyof Tolstoy

THE 159TH BIRTHDAY of Lyof Tolstoy, novelist and moralist, provides the occasion for celebrating a writer who touched the lives of more readers in more lands than any other writer in history. At least four American Presidents—Theodore Roosevelt, John F. Kennedy, Richard M. Nixon, and Jimmy Carter—have acknowledged their personal debt to him in the evolution of their own thought. Martin Luther King drew heavily from his philosophy. Mahatma Gandhi probably would have remained a lawyer in South Africa were it not for the inspiration he received from Tolstoy's books. The entire passive resistance movement that resulted in India's full independence as a nation had its spiritual origins in Tolstoy's writings.

It is easy enough to acclaim Tolstoy; far less easy to understand him. His stature as a writer serves only to underline the complexity of the man. Just an analysis of his paradoxes would fill a volume of Tolstoyan dimensions. He condemned gradualism in the quest of basic social change outside Russia, yet was himself criticized as a gradualist on issues involving social change in Russia. He cherished Christian belief but attacked Christian institutions. In the words of James Billington, one of America's leading Tolstoyan scholars, he sought to Christianize revolution and to revolutionize Christianity; but few Christians and fewer revolutionaries accepted him as one of their own. There was an almost incestuous relationship between his pessimism and his optimism. The former came out of his studies in history, the latter out of his belief in human destiny. He attacked privilege and great wealth, of which he himself was an uncomfortable beneficiary. He was a landowner of King ranch proportions, but he was a prime advocate of Henry George's ideas.

His relationships with other great Russian contemporary writers were often fragile and perfunctory. The closest he came to a long-term friendship with another major literary figure was with Ivan Turgenev. Tolstoy was the one who did the early courting; Turgenev was older and enjoyed wide renown at the time. Tolstoy was solicitous of Turgenev's opinions, which were frequently offered without hesitation and invariably without substantiation.

With the passing of the years, Tolstoy tended to regard those opinions as a species of overdeveloped dogma. He became progressively less eager to be favored by Turgenev's observations about life and literature. Turgenev, however, continued to be as resolutely generous as he had ever been in sharing those views with Tolstoy. Sometimes the matters under discussion were less than monumental. Once, when the discussion turned to French music and dancing, Turgenev held forth on the comparative virtues of the French *contredanse* and the can-can. A study of the origins of the can-can, Turgenev declared, revealed it to be far less boisterous than the version on display in the variety shows and nighttime establishments. Turgenev then proceeded to give an active demonstration of variations on the can-can. It was a heroic exhibition, but it ended with Turgenev falling flat on his can-can finale. That same evening, Tolstoy used two words to describe the event in his diary. The words: "Very sad."

Turgenev's evaluation of Tolstoy was less private but somewhat more salutary: "Tolstoy," he wrote to a friend, "is an oddity, but undoubtedly a genius and a very kind man."

Their public differences were generally on literary matters. Turgenev held a high view of Shakespeare. Not so Tolstoy. Tolstoy felt that Shakespeare was a minor literary figure. Truly dramatic situations, Tolstoy said, do not require easy props like earthquakes, floods, or famines. Nor should they lean on black-and-white characterizations in which absolute good is juxtaposed against absolute evil. The authentic literary product finds its raw materials in everyday situations and in the struggle that goes on inside a man's soul. And it was precisely in these respects, Tolstoy believed, that Shakespeare was most deficient.

Tolstoy felt the need to press home his scathing views of Shakespeare in the critical marketplace. He declared that the "amazing fame" of Shakespeare was the result of a public delusion that "exists in all the realms of life." As examples, he cited the medieval crusades, the belief in witchcraft, the use of torture to extract confessions, and the "craze for tulips in Holland, when thousands of gulden were paid for a single bulb."

Tolstoy's evaluation of Shakespeare proceeded out of his literary yardstick, which emphasized three principles:

1. The subject had to be significant. It had to be important in the life of the people.

2. The treatment had to be authentic. Characters had to speak as people do in real life. The scenes had to be realistic. The plot had to be natural and had to engage the emotions of the audience. Emotion had to be delicately handled.

3. The sincerity of the enterprise had to be clearly manifest. The author had to feel deeply about what he was writing.

Measured by this yardstick, Shakespeare was "inconsequential" and his characters "contrived." Pervading the whole of his work was a "premeditated artificiality" in which the author "juggles words." Tolstoy's conclusion: "The sooner people free themselves from the false adulation of Shakespeare, the better it will be." This liberation, he said, would enable them to understand that the "trivial and immoral productions of Shakespeare and of his imitators... can never be the teacher of life."

It should be apparent by now that Tolstoy's standing in world literature did not rest on the acuity of his critical abilities.

It may be thought that Tolstoy's philippics against Shakespeare were a reflection of a bias against English literature in general. Not so. Actually, Tolstoy accorded the highest place in the literature not to a fellow Russian, Dostoyevski, as might be supposed, but to an Englishman, Charles Dickens.

Here we find Tolstoy completely free of those subjective considerations that often make it difficult for great historical figures to be fully appreciative of luminous contemporaries in the same field. Dickens, said Tolstoy, was a "genius such as is met with but once in a century, while his critic has long been forgotten."

The use of the singular in the word *critic* was no doubt a reference to Turgenev, who thought that Dickens was "artificial" and "mannered."

Dickens's portrait occupied the place of honor in Tolstoy's country home. Visitors to the Tolstoy homestead heard the great man give animated readings

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from such works as *David Copperfield*, *The Pickwick Papers*, *Oliver Twist*, and *A Tale of Two Cities*. Tolstoy even named two of his dogs after favorite characters in Dickens—Dora and Boffin.

Tolstoy helped swell Dickens's popularity in Russia. It would be difficult to exaggerate the hold the English writer had on the Russian moral and social imagination at the turn of the century. It is quite possible that the determination in Russia to create a more just and responsible society came as much from Dickens as from any classical Russian writer—Tolstoy, Turgenev, and Dostoyevski not excepted. The indignities suffered in England by the poor, the arbitrariness of a corrupt bureaucracy, the callous attitude toward questions involving conscience and social justice—all these were readily transposed by Russians to their own experiences.

The Russian intellectuals adopted Dickens with genuine fervor; especially did they accept his ideas on the corrupt nature of the Western democratic societies. According to Tolstoy's biographer, Aylmer Maude, Dickens implanted in the minds of turn-of-the-century Russian intellectuals the conviction that representative government was "synonymous with corruption, inefficiency, and oppression of the people."

Parenthetically, one might observe that the kind of judgment expressed by Alexander Solzhenitsyn of Western society in general and of the United States in particular is readily recognizable in the comments of those 19th-century Russian intellectuals whose view of the West was so markedly influenced by Dickens. Unfortunately, the fact that many of these ideas are now outmoded has not yet produced basic corrections among all those who grew up in the Dickensian afterglow. It might also be observed that many 19th-century Russian intellectuals who were outraged by the social injustices of the time were, nevertheless, antirevolutionary. Patriotism, apparently, can supersede radicalism.

This attitude was perhaps more pronounced in Tolstoy than in other notable socially conscious Russian writers of his time. Though he had scored Shakespeare for standing aside from the needs of the masses, he detached himself from the political movement that resulted in the Manifesto of October 30, 1905, which gave the Russian people increased liberty and religious freedom. When asked by his daughter why he wasn't in the forefront of the 1905 uprisings, he replied by telling a story about two officers who were on a train to Moscow and who were able to obtain superior food and service only by berating the attendants and waiters and cooks. The service thus improved for the other passengers on that particular train. As for himself, Tolstoy said, he didn't want to be the beneficiary of any extra service or gains that were achieved by violence.

His analogy, of course, was less than perfect. Tolstoy was not in personal need of the kind of improvements that were afforded by the 1905 Manifesto. He wrote and spoke as he pleased, he went where he wished, he had high station and considerable wealth. And it was from this plateau that he could stand back from the remedial power turned loose by his own words. For him, the greatest evil in the world was violence, even when used against violence. Time and again, in his philosophical writings, he elevated the edict "Turn the other cheek" to the highest summit of moral wisdom and obligation. But in doing so he may also have been underestimating the volatility of moral indignation that he had helped to ignite in combating social injustice.

If people come to life in their paradoxes, then Tolstoy enjoyed a triumphant existence. He was not unaware of these paradoxes nor unpained by them. As he approached old age, the distaste he expressed in his books for property and materialism in general became increasingly difficult for him to reconcile with his own way of life. Unhappiness, he wrote, is the result not of one's needs but of one's abundance. Eventually, he decided to relinquish his vast estate. It would have been morally symmetrical for him to have passed the land into the hands of the peasants whose sufferings he had so movingly described. It passed instead to his wife and children, some of whom, to their great credit, found ways of sharing the land with people who had worked it.

Nothing is easier than to try to destroy a man because of his inconsistencies. Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence, is inconsistent with Jefferson the slaveholder. Abraham Lincoln was never beset by greater doubts than when he issued the Emancipation Proclamation. Some of Gandhi's closest friends were multimillionaires. And Gandhi looked the other way when Nehru found himself forced to use violence in Kashmir. Albert Schweitzer showed little interest in training a black doctor to be his successor in his African jungle hospital. Yet what is truly significant is not the ambivalences or inconsistencies of these men but the fact that their words and ideas had a life of their own, transcending the human weaknesses of their authors and providing the moral energy that other human beings—including those with the same contradictions in their souls—could translate into social progress.

Tolstoy was a devout Christian who renounced the Christian church. He summoned his fellow human beings to the missions defined in the Sermon on the Mount but was excommunicated from the Church because he believed that Christianity was being defeated by the institutions that act in its name. He believed that the Kingdom of God lay within, yet his inner meditations led as often to Faustian torment as to spiritual splendor. He called for renunciation from worldly goods and pleasures without quite being able to serve as an exemplar of his own teachings. He was a self-professed ascetic who could savor the luxuries of aristocracy.

The fact of paradoxes and inconsistencies is not what is most important in any evaluation of Tolstoy and his work. What is important is that he had a vision of true nobility—not the nobility conferred by political or ecclesiastical authority but the nobility conferred by human decency and the acceptance of moral responsibility. Through the magic of his words he brought sensitivities to life that helped shape the contours of human thought in millions of people everywhere. His words were sublime in a way that gave a vision of what human beings might achieve or become. Whether he is the greatest writer of any age or place, or the greatest Russian writer, or even the author of the finest single novel in any language is not relevant. What is relevant is that his writings enlarge our awareness of the preciousness of life even as they give us a glimpse of the hidden potentialities of the human mind and soul. N.C.

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LIGHT REFRACTIONS

Me, Myself, and I

by Thomas H. Middleton

MANY YEARS AGO, I had a good friend who said things like, "He was very kind to my sister and I." I held my tongue for as long as I could, but after many weeks of "for she and I" and "between you and I," I broke down and, as Don Marquis once said when he went off the wagon, "I conquered that damned will power of mine," and I instructed her in the basics of the objective case. "It's 'for my sister and me,' " I said, "and 'between you and me.' *Her, me, us, them, him*; they're the objective case. You'd never say someone 'was kind to I,' so you don't say, 'He was kind to she and I.' "

She was gracious about my having corrected her. Instead of punching or even cursing me, she simply told me I was wrong. "Whenever it's more than one person, you use *he* and *she* and *I*," she said. She told me she'd learned that in school. I said that she must have misunderstood her teachers, but she disagreed. She wouldn't believe that "He took my friend and me to dinner" was grammatically correct; and when I told her that "It's up to us, the people" was better than "It's up to we, the people," she was convinced that I was a phony.

The English-speaking world is loaded with people who don't know whether to use "I" or "me" in such situations. Most of them either don't care or else are convinced that whatever they're saying is all right. Since nothing you or I can say or do will make a bit of difference, I see no point in making a federal case out of the grammatical case with these souls.

There are additional millions, though, who are unsure about whether to use *I* or *me* and whose lack of assurance bothers them. It doesn't bother them enough to drive them to learn the rules. It just galls them enough so that they don't use either. They use the supposedly all-purpose *myself*: "Harry and myself are going to France in the spring," or "The Parkers come over every Wednesday for bridge with my wife and myself."

Ideally, *myself* is used as a reflexive ("I hit myself with my tennis racket") or as an intensive ("I, myself, feel rather strongly that —") or as a statement of personhood ("And miles around they'll say that I/Am quite myself again."). Ideally, *myself* is not used as a cop-out. But since we are in the real world, where people break linguistic rules with impunity, we mustn't let this capricious use of the reflexive get us down.

There is a very common usage that does get me down these days, though. It is the use of *me* when *myself* is actually called for. This is a new twist. Paradoxically, it seems to be a locution employed principally by those who are most earnestly pursuing the Search for Self. For example, "Jane, how could you just pack up and leave Jerry and the children?"

"I did it for Me."

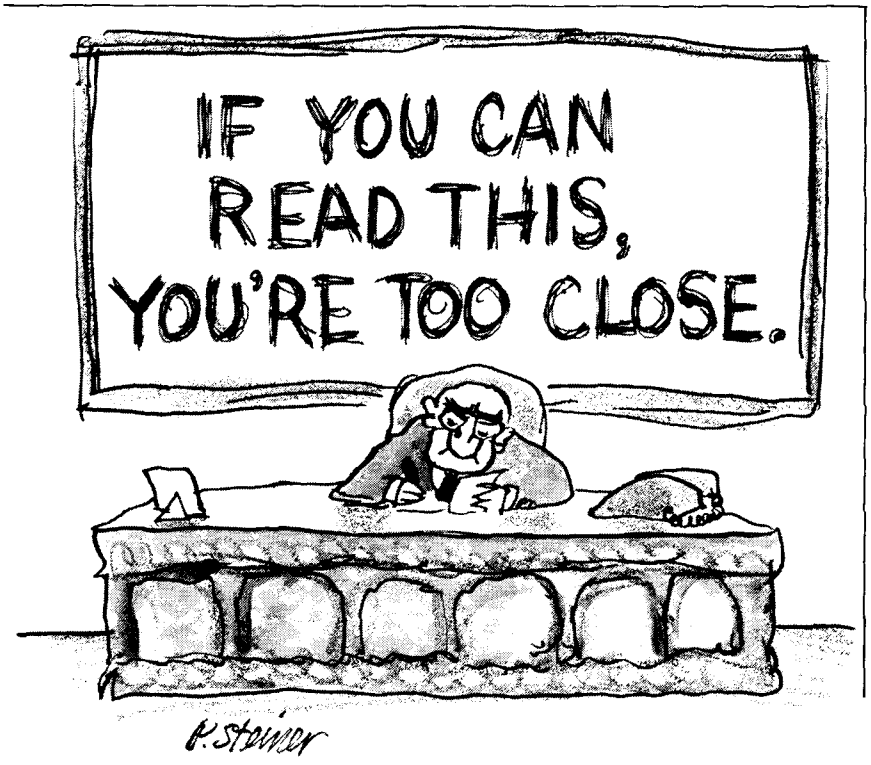
That's a perfect case where *myself* is called for, but you'd never hear "I did it for myself" these days, any more than you'd hear, "I have to be myself." It's "I gotta be Me." "I just thought it was time I thought about Me for a change."

It's as though *myself* were somehow less of the essence than *me*. And the *Me* is always said with a capital *M*. God, the Holy Grail, the Eternal Verities, and Me.

Me is abstracted from *myself*. I, myself, am a creature with dandruff, a relentlessly expanding waistline, a mild case of athlete's foot, and a very shaky memory; but *Me* is out there on a cloud-pedestal—a being for whom Good Things are to be done; a perfectible creature that goes around only once and deserves all the gusto it can get. "I want to make something of myself" has a rather pleasant ring to it—a ring of determination to do something worthwhile. "I want to make something of Me," on the other hand, carries overtones of narcissism involving batteries of techniques for making that special Me into something complete and content, with little need or care for anyone else.

Here is an interesting phenomenon. The habitual use of *I* for *me* and of *myself* for either *I* or *me* merely indicates that the speaker doesn't care much about grammar. Except in the case of teachers, announcers, and others who we hope are paid to speak carefully, I've learned not to let the lapses bother me. But when I hear *me* for *myself*, my flesh crawls. Possibly it's just because I'm of a generation that's nostalgic for the time when humility was a virtue and bumptious self-assertion was considered simply rude and was not yet a virtue to be cultivated.

Maybe the members of the Now Generation see no connotative difference between "I did it for myself" and "I did it for me." I hope they do see the difference. When we lose these nuances, the language is that much poorer. ◉



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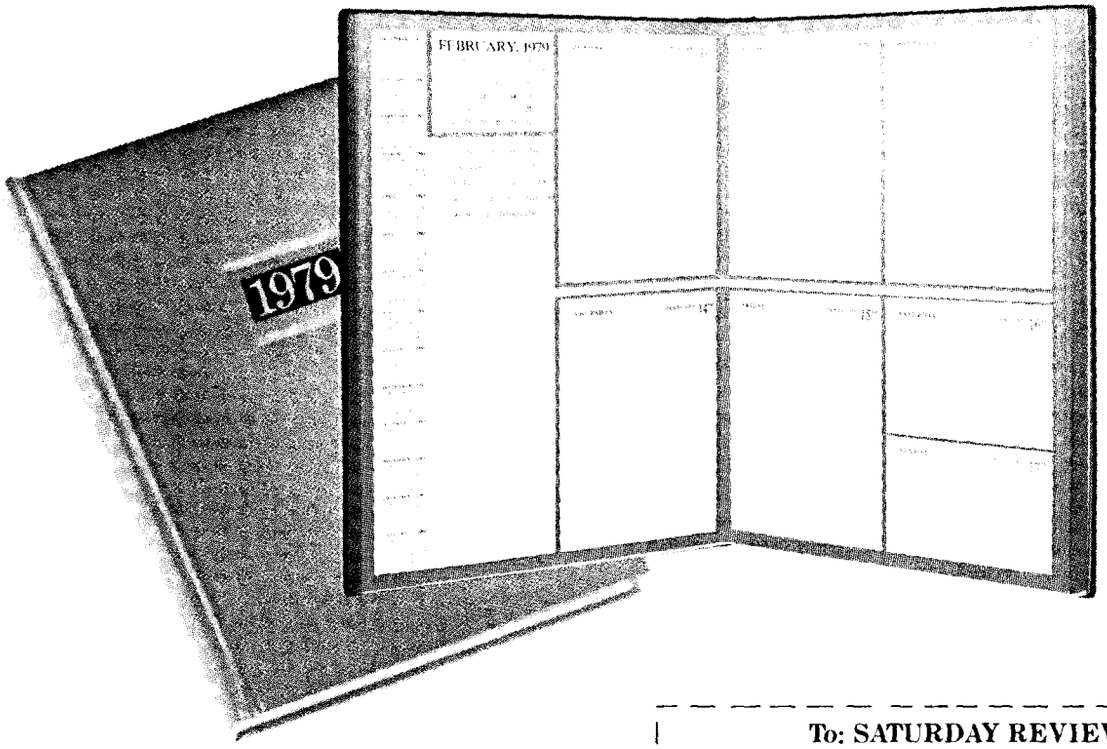

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NOTES FROM THE BLUE COAST

Taking Arms Against a Sea of Letters

by Anthony Burgess

WRITERS WRITE to be read, and they only know they are read when readers write to them. Yet the receipt of a letter from a reader imposes an obligation on the writer: He must reply. The writer knows this when he starts to write, and yet most professional writers abhor the writing of letters. They resent not being paid for writing them; they can rarely afford secretaries who will take the work off their hands; the cost of franking a letter is the cost of two Schimmelpenninck cigars. The best way of dealing with the obligation is the one perfected by John Updike's Bech, who has rubber stamps made (MR. BECH IS INDEFINITELY PARALYSED and so on) which he prints on the letters he receives, thus saving paper. Saving stamps is more difficult, and it is perhaps ungenerous to throw the poundage back at one's correspondent. The height of ungenerosity is to do what I am going to do now—make a public package reply to my critics, laudators, idle chatters, and downright abusers and, at the same time, warn others who have not yet licked their pencil-stubs to lay off.

Let me be self-pitying for a moment, or let me rather indulge in a collective whine on behalf of all writers, whose experience, I should imagine, is not greatly different from my own. Today I received the following: a letter asking for an autographed copy of one of my books (any one) to sell on behalf of the halt and lame; a demented attack on the CIA and my alleged association with it; an unsolicited manuscript of an 800-page novel with a request for a detailed appraisal but, if possible, no adverse criticism (the parcel was understamped and cost me the equivalent of $2.40); the page proofs of a book soon to be brought out by a reputable New York publisher, with a hearty assurance that I will find it the greatest book of the season and an invitation to praise it to the skies in words fit for press advertising. I often do what the publishers ask, fearing retribution if I do not, but this can be dangerous. I once praised a book neatly on a postcard and found this postcard photographically reproduced in an advertisement. A number of forgers copied my signature and used it on checks.

There were other letters today, most of them harmless, but there was one particularly virulent attack on my personality, parentage, and professional competence from a regular reader of *Saturday Review*. My readers must remember that I am British and do not always understand American usage. I was at first mystified by the double accusation that I came from Philadelphia and that I was a SOB. Now, I do not come from Philadelphia but from Manchester, England; yet I would have no objection to coming from Philadelphia. I know only one Philadelphian here in Monaco, and that is Princess Grace, who seems to me a very amiable person. I asked her the meaning of SOB and, with appropriate circumlocutions, she told me. I blushed. It means, apparently, *son of a bitch*. I am shocked at the bad taste of accusing a lady who is dead and cannot answer back. My mother was *not* a bitch. I have handed over my abuser's name and address to friends in the Irish Republican Army and been given an assurance that something will be done.

Seriously, though, I can point to a 20-year record of receiving abusive letters from American readers, and it is astonishing that so many accuse me of coming, not from Philadelphia, but from England. I am sometimes called a cork-sacking limey bustard and told, paradoxically, to go back to Moscow or, alternatively, to Berlin, which the abusers apparently believe to be still under the Nazis. I used to receive letters regularly from a member of the Kickapoo nation who threatened to come round with his tomahawk. I take all these with good humour, wondering why only the English should still be subject to underdog snarls. After all, two years ago the United States celebrated two centuries of freedom from the British yoke. Perhaps my correspondents have read Meynell's life of Disraeli, a Jew as well as a limey, who said, "Colonies do not cease to be colonies because they are independent." But there is nothing wrong in being colonial. Jesus Christ, an Israelite, was a colonial.

To my more friendly correspondents, my thanks. I cannot afford to write, except here, but any of you who come over to Monaco are welcome to call at 44 rue Grimaldi, *troisième étage* (that's right, show off your Frog, you Philadelphian SOB), and invite me to a drink at the café opposite. I had a visitor the other day, a limey from Yorkshire who said he liked some of my work. Before leaving he asked me to give him a pair of socks as a souvenir. I pointed out that my one pair of socks was hanging out to dry, and he said that he had no objection to wearing wet socks. Sockless visitors, please go and see Graham Greene in Antibes. He has, I am told, plenty of socks. ◉

"I couldn't find my tie cwip."

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1(a). Publication No. 940460.
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8. Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: none.
9. For completion by nonprofit organization authorized to mail at special rates (Section 132.122, PSM).
10. Extent and nature of circulation:

		Average No. Copies Each Issue During Preceding 12 Months	Actual No. of Copies of Single Issue Published Nearest to Filing Date
A.	Total No. copies printed	575,085	587,534
B.	Paid Circulation		
	1.Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales	11,646	12,516
	2. Mail subscriptions	517,832	527,940
C.	Total paid circulation	529,478	540,456
D.	Free distribution by mail, carrier or other means, samples, complimentary and other free copies	14,827	14,587
E.	Total distribution	544,305	555,043
F.	Copies not distributed		
	1. Office use, left-over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing	4,268	4,636
	2. Returns from news agents	26,512	27,855
G.	Total	575,085	587,534

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

James E. Broadwater, Publisher

Wit Twister No. 129

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

No — — — — — — soul
dares venture through the gloom
Of this grim — — — — —
—, where with sightless eyes
Great — — — — — —
figures contemplate the tomb
In which the murdered king, corrupting, lies. A.S.

Fraser Young Literary Crypt No. 118

C EU E KXACXHXN
CZ VWZROWEACOQ
OTMWLT CO UEBXG
UX HXNQ AMZXAQ.
—X. H. AWREG

Answer next issue.

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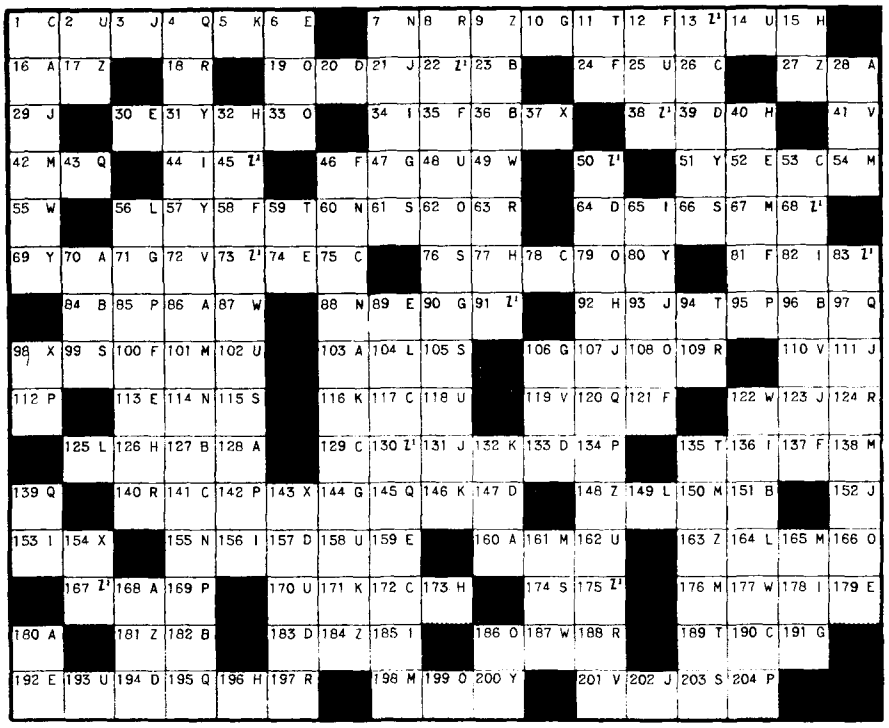
DOUBLE-CROSTIC

Number 158

by Thomas H. Middleton



Instructions:
If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle. Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.
The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.
The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.
You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

Answer to *Double-Crostic 157* appears on page 4.

CLUES	WORDS
A. Indifferent, cool	28 86 103 128 160 168 180 16 70
B. Instructive examples	84 96 127 151 182 23 36
C. Shameful	53 78 129 172 26 75 117 141 190 1
D. Ford, perhaps	133 147 157 183 194 20 39 64
E. Ornament, adorn	74 113 192 6 30 52 89 159 179
F. Natural or practical intelligence or sense (2 wds.)	12 35 58 81 100 121 24 137 46
G. Essay	47 71 90 106 144 191 10
H. Scurrility	32 77 92 126 173 196 15 40
I. Shrew, fishwife	44 82 156 34 65 178 136 153 185
J. Unchanging, constant	202 29 107 131 21 93 152 3 111 123
K. Central point or middle	132 171 116 146 5
L. Wacky, daffy	125 149 56 104 164
M. Impartial, equitable (comp.)	165 138 161 176 198 42 54 67 101 150
N. Disseminated	7 60 88 114 155
O. Mosaic tiles	79 108 166 19 33 62 186 199
P. Manifest	204 142 85 112 134 169 95
Q. Light cannon of the 16th cent.	97 120 145 195 43 139 4
R. Forest of France, Belgium, and Luxembourg	18 124 188 8 140 109 197 63
S. Perverse; difficult; troublesome	66 115 76 61 99 174 203 105
T. Looks after	94 11 135 59 189
U. In a jam; in a fix (3 wds.)	2 158 102 25 14 170 162 193 118 48
V. Contemporary operatic soprano, born in Penn.	41 72 119 201 110
W. Whinnies	187 49 177 55 122 87
X. *Spreads for drying*	37 143 154 98
Y. Brownish-red	200 31 51 69 57 80
Z. View closely	184 148 17 9 163 27 181
Z'. "____, that dost almost persuade/Justice to break her sword!" (3 wds., *Othello*)	45 13 38 130 167 68 73 83 22 50 175 91

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THE BACK DOOR

Newspapers on the Ropes

THE FIRST REACTION of many New Yorkers to the great newspaper strike of 1978 was "relief" at not "having to" read the papers and gratefulness for the opportunity to catch up on book reading. Gradually, a less pleasing feeling began to take hold, an uneasy sense of isolation and loss, which was not mitigated by the three instant dailies that had sprung up in the struck papers' place.

It was not headlines we lacked: The electronic media, the new dailies, and the Wall Street Journal carried those. It was not the advertisements or listings, which quickly reappeared elsewhere. It was details—seemingly slight facts about who won an amateur golf tournament, and who a bride's grandfather was, and who accompanied Vance on his latest tilt, and who designed the sets for a new play that opened off-Broadway (and closed), and thousands of other brushstrokes that ordinarily would have filled in our image of events and given them texture.

But were these details "news"? Could one fault the substituting media for not including them in their accounts? After all, did it really matter what time high tide was or who lost in the first round of the USTA open (and if it really did matter, couldn't individuals who cared find out from other sources)? How was one to define "news"?

Not easily. For most of us, the "news" is what is reported in whatever media we depend on for our news—a circular definition. The *Oxford English Dictionary*'s assertion that news is "tidings" is equally unhelpful, because it does not delimit news from any other new information. That Aunt Polly's dog has contracted indigestion, while a fact, can hardly be considered news, except in the most extraordinary (and difficult-to-imagine) circumstances.

The more strenuously one attempts to define "news," the clearer it becomes that there exists no adequate *a priori* definition. News is a product of consensus: News is news if enough people think it's news. Every editor edits for a community of readers or listeners or viewers. The measure of an editor's success is his or her ability to determine and deliver what the audience considers news. In this respect, every newspaper, great or small, is a local newspaper that functions as the nexus, the *agora*, for its community of readers.

Shared information is the weft of a communal life. The more information, the richer the fabric. The more one knows about a person, the greater the likelihood of discovering a connection—a mutual hobby or acquaintance or address—between that person and another. The more one has to talk about—and newspapers in New York are the largest single bin of conversational fodder—the more likely one is to find out something new. An effective newspaper not only recounts news; it *generates* news.

"I'm afraid he's losing his will to pay."

Just as a tree that falls unheard in the forest seems not to make noise, so a book or film or play that appears unreviewed (or unreviewed by one's accustomed critic) seems never to have existed. Likewise, knowing less about what one's friends are reading at the breakfast table makes one feel more autonomous and alone.

One invaluable lesson to be learned from New York's long newspaper strike is that quality newspapers like the *New York Times* and the *Daily News* are irreplaceable—and in serious danger of being replaced. Thanks to the increasing indolence of the American public, television news—an entire half-hour transcript of which fills less than a page of most newspapers—has crowded most newspapers out of existence, or reduced them to simply filling their pages with the "canned" news that arrives ready-made over the wires. In some communities, "shoppers"—giveaways composed entirely of ads—are siphoning advertising revenues away from the necessarily more costly local newspapers. The longer the New York strike lasts, the more alternative ways advertisers will find to sell their products, and the harder it will be to replenish the depleted tills and finance the detailed journalism that make our best newspapers so precious.

Strikes, television, and the proliferation of available advertising media have made enterprising newspapers an endangered species. Their extinction would prove a grievous blow to the already frayed ties that bind us citizen to citizen, person to person.

***

Editorialists, no less than clowns, depend on timing for success. Alas, thanks to a month-long lead time, a curmudgeonly "Back Door" column about the President's domestic leadership appeared at precisely the moment when Carter was demonstrating impressive and precious talents as a peacemaker between Sadat and Begin. By the time this footnote of regret appears, the weather may have shifted yet again. But as of this writing, Carter deserves the highest respect, along with prayers that he will employ his newly revealed talents no less effectively on the domestic front.

—CARLL TUCKER

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MERIT
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